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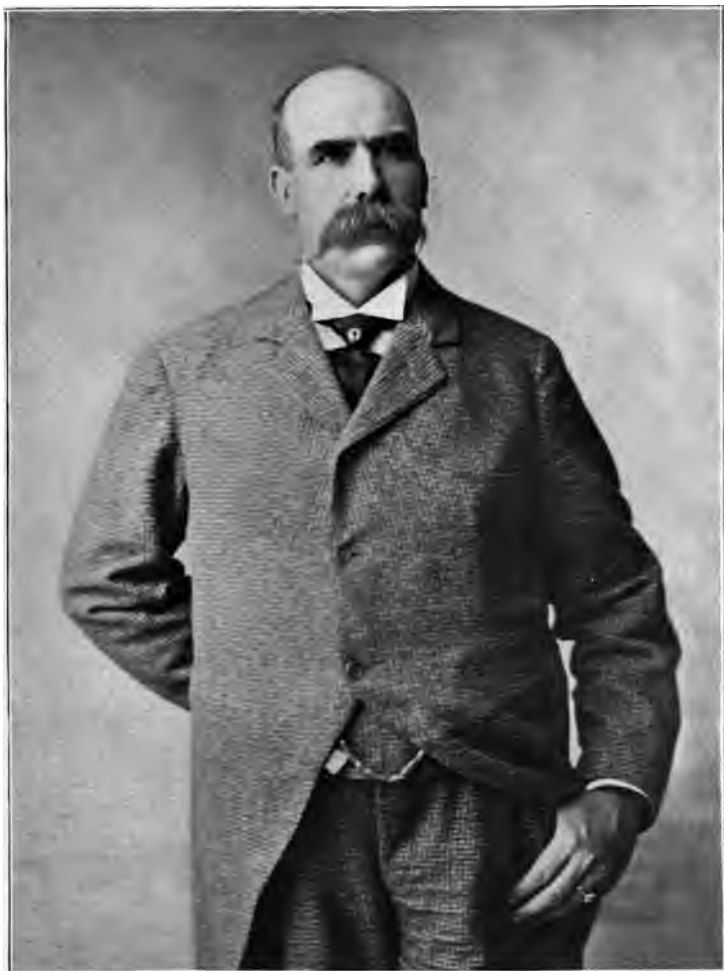
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BIRTH AND ADOPTION

A BOOK
OF
PROSE AND POETRY

BY
"ROCKY MOUNTAIN" O'BRIEN

1904

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1904

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ENGLAND APPLYING THE TORCH IN AMERICA.

HIRING INDIANS TO SCALP INNOCENT BABES
AND MOTHERS DURING THE ABSENCE OF
THEIR FATHERS AND HUSBANDS, WHO
WERE FIGHTING WITH WASHINGTON IN THE
REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

BURNING THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

OPENING SMALLPOX HOSPITALS IN BOSTON AND
TRYING TO CAUSE AN EPIDEMIC AMONG
THE SOLDIERS WHEN SHE COULD NOT SUB-
DUCE WASHINGTON BY ANY OTHER MEANS.

BLOWING THE SEPOYS FROM THE MOUTH OF
CANNON DURING THE INDIAN MUTINY.

DYNAMITING ZULUS IN SOUTH AFRICA WHEN
THEY SOUGHT REFUGE IN THEIR CAVES.

BURNING OF FARM HOUSES AND RAVISHING OF
WOMEN DURING THE BOER WAR IN SOUTH
AFRICA.

VIGOROUS DENUNCIATION OF "DOOLEY," THE
SCAVENGER CAD, AND OTHER LAMPOONERS
OF THE IRISH RACE.

ROOSEVELT'S GALLANT CHARGE AT THE BATTLE
OF SAN JUAN.

DEWEY, THE HERO; ALSO THE "MAINE."

IN PROSE AND POETRY,

INCLUDING
IRISH AND IRISH-AMERICAN POEMS,

BY

"ROCKY MOUNTAIN" O'BRIEN,
20 WALKER STREET, NEW YORK.

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PREFACE.

In presenting this book of poems to the public I do not pretend to be a Goldsmith, a Davis or a Moore. I have done the best I could, and, under the circumstances, I hope the kind reader will appreciate my work all the more.

I have written some of these poems in the dead hours of the night, often when my thoughts wandered far across the sea to the little church and the schoolhouse and vines, meadowland and wood, where I first saw the light of day. More of them were written on the broad Atlantic, nearing the land of my birth; and some were written when returning to the land of my adoption. The language used in this book may not sound parliamentary, but to me it sounds very expressive, and therefore I offer no apology.

When a boy of seventeen I was forced to leave Ireland (not through any row with the family coachman, but owing to the despotic and tyrannical English laws), and I came to America to seek freedom under the "glorious and starry banner of the greatest nation on the globe."

For thirty years or more I have been a citizen of this nation. Eight children were born to me here, and the saddest blow I ever received was when their mother, one of the best and noblest women that ever lived, passed away from them and me on the eighth day of January, 1899. She is now sleeping her last sleep in Calvary Cemetery, New York. May peace be hers. She was my joy and pride, and life without her has been a sad one to me.

My father died in 1869 while I was on my way to him on board the steamship "City of Washing-

ton," which plied the waters from New York to the Cove of Cork. Owing to some mishap to the machinery the steamer was detained at Halifax, Nova Scotia, so when I reached my father's house he was in his cold and silent grave. Had we met with no obstacle on the high seas I would have seen the face of the father whom I left broken-hearted a few years before; but fate decreed that it should not be.

The family were scattered far and wide. Two of my sisters were in America—Mrs. O'Connell, of Oregon, now dead, and Mrs. Duffy, now living in Rochester, N. Y.

Two young children and my mother survived my father in Ireland; my mother died twelve years ago, and was buried beside my father in Ardfield Graveyard, adjacent to Gallyhead, on the south coast of Ireland, facing the Atlantic Ocean. Last Summer I erected over their grave a monument with an Irish inscription on one side and an English inscription on the other.

England has murdered and plundered the Irish people for the past seven centuries. She has robbed them of their industries and their language; she has leveled once happy homes to the ground by her merciless crowbar brigades; she has thrown aged fathers and gray-haired, weeping mothers out on the wayside with nothing but the blue sky of heaven to shelter them. Such acts as these have enkindled a bitter hatred in my heart against England and her accursed laws, and if ever an opportunity presents itself I will be ready to strike that longed-for blow against that "tyrant of tyrants." I believe the Irish people are justified in resorting to every means to overthrow English misrule.

England has applied the torch on more occasions than one. She blew the Sepoys from the mouths of cannon in India. She destroyed the homes of the gallant Boers who fought for the same God-given rights that George Washington and his countrymen fought for almost two centuries ago. As late as 1812, 1813 and 1814 England burned the National Capitol and several towns along the coast of Long Island.

England has not paid one cent for any territory she ever acquired, and has always left a trail of blood in her tracks, especially whenever she robbed half-civilized peoples of their homes and lands. She dynamited the poor Zulus in South Africa when they sought refuge in their caves.

England has broken every treaty she ever made with Ireland. She bayoneted unborn babes in the streets of Clonakilty, tearing them from their mothers' wombs.

Since the day Strongbow set foot on Irish soil the Irish people have been the victims of the foulest crimes on record. Men and women have been murdered in cold blood for defending their homes. Irish patriots were put to death in the '98 revolution after they had laid down their arms. Ellen McDonough was foully murdered at Belmullet a few years ago. Tim Cadogan was murdered a year or so ago by a judge and packed jury. Much to their disgrace there were six so-called Roman Catholics on this jury. At the first trial there was a disagreement of the jury, which was composed of Protestants and one Roman Catholic. At the second trial the jury, composed of six Protestants and six Roman Catholics, found Cadogan guilty on evidence

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furnished by perjurers, not sufficient to convict a fly. The foreman of the jury that found Allen, Larkin and O'Brien guilty was a Catholic. The foreman of the jury that convicted Cadogan is a Roman Catholic. He is a would-be commercial traveler—a mongrel misfit—who tries to sell one-way flour to Bantry and Skibbereen bread-winners.

The Irishman born in Ireland, be he Protestant, Catholic, Orangeman or Peeler, who shows his loyalty to the English Government is far worse than Judas Iscariot, who betrayed our Divine Redeemer. His price, I believe, was thirty pieces of silver, but in my opinion a man who dons the uniform of the enemy of his country would sell his country for one piece of silver, and a very small piece at that.

I look upon the Irish Constabulary as the greatest curse and the worst enemy to the Irish race. Strange to say, this body is made up to a large extent of the sons of small farmers; the balance of the spurious spawn of absentee landlords. The Peelers are the first to help to level the homes of their unfortunate countrymen, and leave their kith and kin with nothing to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather except the blue sky of heaven and the air which is polluted by the presence of the infamous crow-bar brigade. One favorite pastime of the Peelers is to meet little children about 10 years old and inquire from them the movements of their fathers and brothers. One of these Peelers offered a little 9-year-old girl in my native town a box of sweets if she would watch my movements and report to him those persons with whom she

saw me conversing and the purport of the conversation, but the villain was unaware that I was told to be on my guard by the wife of one of his fellow "bloodhounds." She was an 18-karat Irishwoman.

One of the most infamous of these Peelers is Sergeant Sheridan. Judas Iscariot was decent compared to him. No government under the canopy of heaven except the English would tolerate such diabolical deeds as his. I am sorry to say that the banner founded by the illustrious Washington shelters this wolf in sheep's clothing. That same banner refused shelter to James Fitzharris ("Skin the Goat"), who refused to betray his comrades, notwithstanding the fact that he was offered twenty thousand pounds (\$100,000) by the Gladstone government. That was the only crime Fitzharris could be accused of, and shame on the Administration that was instrumental in sentencing him to deportation.

A greater shame still rests with the Irish organizations of America that did not enter a stronger protest against Fitzharris's and Mullet's deportation when they were on Ellis Island, under the shadow of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty. I will do the A. O. H. justice by letting the public know that they were the only Irish organization that called meetings and protested against the deportation.

I have just stated that the majority of Irish Peelers are sons of small farmers, and the balance favorites of the landlords who spend their ill-gotten gains in the brothels of Paris, the gambling hells of Monte Carlo, Spitalfields, Fordham Flats and the Sodomite dens of Cleveland street, *à la* Oscar Wilde, Russell & Co. And

these are the people employed by the English Government to keep the peace in Ireland!

Is it any wonder then that the Irish people should be slaves when hirelings of this character are allowed all over poor down-trodden Ireland? Still you will often see these cowardly ruffians occupying the front pews in the churches on Sunday, where no decent man or woman should associate with them; but, such is life. It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and we have them both here and in Ireland.

I can shake the hand any time of the poor unfortunate soldier who takes the shilling, for he lacks brains; if he did not, he would have no occasion to work for 15 pence a day; very often he enlists through drunkenness, but with all this and his misfortune he will do as little as possible of England's dirty work, knowing her to be the bitter enemy of his country. I look at the sailor in the same light as I do the soldier; the Peeler, however, is always on the alert for information, and will procure it by fair means or foul.

This is a correct version of the Irish Constabulary as I have found them during the past thirty years, and I can vouch for it that they have not changed any for the better since. The pay of these vile wretches is only 25 shillings a week (\$6.25 in American money), a sum which a 12-year-old boy can earn here. I remember when I was a child in Ireland a farmer would consider it a family disgrace to have a daughter of his marry a Peeler, but I am sorry to say such is not the case now in some parts of Ireland. In other parts of Ireland a tinker is preferable to a Peeler, and there is no reason

why he should not be, because while the former is not a traitor to the land that bore him, the latter is. The blacksmith, the shoemaker, the tailor, the coal heaver, the chimney sweep or the baker can earn far more than these despoilers of happy homes, and should be far preferable to Irish girls; but the latter prefer the companionship of the Peelers to that of the honest, industrious craftsmen herein mentioned.

This preface is founded on facts which came under my own observation during the past thirty years. One class of people I must pay a well-deserved tribute to—the National School Teachers of Ireland. I found them of both sexes, with very few exceptions, all thoroughly patriotic, and although they are government employees, they reflect great credit on the Emerald Isle. I am sure, from what came under my personal observation, they would be foremost in the ranks of an Irish brigade striking a blow for the freedom of their native land; and I am sure the lady teachers would not be found lacking in love of country if the crisis came, for I have found some of the best and bravest of our race among them during my travels through Ireland in the past three years, as well as thirty years ago. Taking everything into consideration, the hirelings and minions of the Crown are in the minority in Ireland, and the toady, the lickspittle, the sycophant, the shoneen, the gombeen, the bailiff and the squireen are looked upon as copperheads or rattlesnakes would be in America. They are creatures of the earth—reptiles who are ashamed of the land that bore them, and who are adding link after link to the chains that bind

her by perjury and jury-packing. They have, however, thank God! no standing among the Irish race either at home or abroad, especially in this great and glorious republic.

I abhor the Irishman or Irishwoman, no matter where their children are born, who does not bring them up to hate the persecutor of their race, but unfortunately there are too many who fail to do so in this great and glorious republic. Too many children of Irish parents are too fond of patronizing the Harrigan & Hart drama acted by sixth-class actors, who caricature the ancestors of these children and receive from them an unlimited amount of applause. The children do this simply because their parents do not instruct them in their duty. Why, I have known not long ago our people to be caricatured at so-called church fairs at Georgetown College, D. C. Our people were made fun of also by certain actors.

I have no use for the stage Irishman, nor for the people that give him any encouragement. I have every reason to hate the English Government; in fact, my hatred for England is as great as my love for Ireland. Through England's cursed and tyrannical laws I was forced to leave home and become a wanderer, and though I have lived here principally ever since, under the greatest banner that ever floated over any nation in the world, I still look upon Ireland as my home, and although I am an American citizen, a title I certainly feel proud of, and have complied with all the necessary qualifications to make me such, I can never feel that this is my country; and though I married a woman

* born on American soil and who bore me eight children, all of whom saw the dawn of light 'neath the starry banner and are now living here, still I never can feel as if this were my country.

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
‘This is my own, my native land’?”

Some fifteen years ago, about ten miles from the city of Los Angeles, Cal., I was driving through the country, and stopped at a farmhouse to inquire the way to an adjoining town. As I alighted from the wagon a dog in the yard began to bark, when suddenly the lady of the house called Gladstone to “lie down,” but the more she appealed to him the louder he barked. She dealt him, however, a blow which brought him to his senses. I thought she was an English woman, who, out of respect for the ex-Premier, had named her dog after him.

“Madam,” said I, “what an historical name you have given that dog.”

“Yes,” said she, “I named him after the lowest cur dog in all England.”

“How is that?” asked I.

“Come into the house,” said she, “and I will explain, especially if you are an Irishman.” I answered in the affirmative. Then she ushered me into a very spacious parlor, beautifully furnished.

My attention was at once attracted by a large picture of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien; also one of O'Donovan Rossa, with his hands manacled behind his back, lapping his food like a beast.

"Look at those pictures there," said she. "Gladstone murdered three of them and the other poor man might just as well be dead, for not satisfied with their treatment of him while in their clutches, the Gladstone government sent a hired assassin in the shape of a she-devil to kill him." With these words the noble Irishwoman commenced to cry, and I admit I had hard work to suppress the tears.

I shook her very warmly by the hand, and left with a good impression of Mrs. Lynch, for that was her name. She was born in the County Kerry. If there were more Lynches in America there would be fewer stage Irishmen throughout this broad land.

Mrs. Lynch believes in physical force as the only means by which the Irish people can ever obtain their liberty. So does Luke Lynch, of Brooklyn; his brother, Father Lynch, of San Francisco; Miss Mary Lynch and Miss Nellie Lynch, of Boston; Captain Peter M. Kelly, of Chicago; Miss Margaret Barron and Miss Nora Barron, of Ardmore; Miss Eleanor Burke, and last, but not least, my life-long friend, that indomitable war-horse, O'Donovan Rossa, and likewise Charley Doran, of the Cove of Cork.

I am sorry, exceedingly so, to have to speak as I have spoken about people born in Ireland, but I speak the truth, knowing what I state to be facts, and to you who have never seen the shores of poor old Ireland, I do not want to fill your mind with a tissue of falsehood from beginning to end, as others have time and again done. Should any of you ever visit the land of my birth you will, alas, find my words too true.

The syphilitic Sodomites and licentious, scorbutic degenerates of the House of Lords have not one-half ounce of pure blood in their mangy cesspools, and a decent American would not give them access to his hogpen. These are the pusillanimous creatures to whom such sycophants as Astor cater—Astor, who renounced his allegiance to the noblest flag under the canopy of heaven for the most blood-stained one that ever floated in the air and polluted everything within its reach, since the day the Almighty God opened the Red Sea and drowned the Egyptians, and did not leave one of them to tell the tale.

One disgusting element I found in Ireland during my three recent visits there, which I am proud to state is confined to the shopkeeper and the sycophantic government employee is: If either have a son, and a person addressing him fails to use the word "master," both will feel highly indignant.

Another element in Ireland is the wealthy farmer, or, as he is called there, the gentleman farmer, who, I am sorry to state, the more he prospers the more loyal he becomes to the British Constitution. But thank God there is an element in Ireland that supersedes all this lickspittle element. It is the element made up of the honest, hard-working laborer, the artisan, the mechanic, the salesman, the farmer, the engine driver, the baker, the tailor, the shoemaker and the craftsmen in general. These are the men upon whom I would depend to make Ireland a nation, and if ever an opportunity presents itself my words will turn out to be true. At the same time I do not include all the shopkeepers and so-

called gentlemen farmers in the disgusting element already spoken of; indeed, there is nothing further from my mind, for I have met some of both in my travel through Ireland whom I found ready and willing to follow in the footsteps of the illustrious Robert Emmet and the fearless and undaunted Theobald Wolfe Tone.

How can Ireland expect any justice from the disciples of the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah except at the point of the sword?

The minions of the Crown in Ireland and the American anglo-maniac, whom I have mentioned in this preface, are as obnoxious to the human race as the bubonic plague would be to a mugwump meeting in Chicago, presided over by a Goo-Goo divekeeper to keep Captain Peter Kelly, of Newry, from being Chicago's next chief of police, and the Honorable Seyport from going to Congress by the popular vote.

Just imagine the Mad Mullah of India chasing the little picayune Prince of Siam from post to pillar until he reached the Sultan of Sulu's harem in the Philippine Islands safe from the Mullah. If this Mullah could only administer a few doses of the water cure to Joe Chamberlain and the English Secretary of War, he would be after the Crown Prince's territory when he administers a sound thrashing to Kitchener, the renegade Irishman. The Mad Mullah must be something of a cross between a Yap and a Cherokee Sooner, judging by the strategy he uses in corralling the fourpenny soldiers in the service of his Majesty, King Edward the Seventh.

Ireland need never expect anything from the sycophantic element of the Irish race, not only in

America, but throughout the whole world. It is, alas, too true that we have not only the sycophantic element among the Irish race in America, but also in Ireland. I have met J. P.'s in Ireland within the past two years who were afraid to attend a lecture delivered by me in aid of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, fearing they would lose the tail end of their names—the poor, cringing, crawling slaves upon whom England conferred titles.

Foremost among this class is a man with two tails to his name, M.D. and J.P. He is, I am told, a fortune seeker, being a bachelor of sixty winters. He was afraid of his own shadow during my sojourn in his neighborhood a year or two ago, and whenever he spoke to me he looked around to see if there were any of the toady crowd in sight to report him to the Castle for being seen in the company of a dynamiter. I cared very little for his company, as I arrived at the conclusion long ago that I can do without the society of such slaves, made so by an additional tail to their names. "An American Citizen" is all the title I want and ever look for, and I feel prouder of it than all the J.P.'s or M.P.'s or any other title that is conferred on my people by the shattered, depleted and rotten British Constitution.

I am also sorry to have to state anent the reign of prosperity that prevails in Ireland, that riches make more loyal subjects than poverty; at least I found it to be the case during my last three visits to the land of my birth.

Before I close this preface I cannot conscientiously do so without paying a well-deserved tribute to my countrywomen in America as well as the world over. They, in my opinion, are the chosen children of God. I have

met them in every sphere of life, from the drawing-room to the kitchen, and have found them on all occasions equal to the emergency. I have met Irish girls who worked in the kitchen to earn an honest living, but, thanks to God, they were pure as angels and spotless as roses. I have seen some of the handsomest girls that ever left Ireland engaged in the hardest kind of work. A girl's poverty is the surest sign of her purity. Sincerity and modesty are the finest traits a woman can possess, and I found both these traits in the Irish girls whom I have met during my thirty years of life in America. I have found them the same in Mexico, South America, British possessions, England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

Every Irish mother, wherever she may be, should be proud of her daughter, for she is noted for her virtue and propriety; and her services are sought for in preference to those of other nationalities.

The devotion of the Irish and Irish-American mothers to their children is too well known the world over for me to comment upon. Suffice it to say that I feel proud of them, from the 'longshoreman's wife to the wife of the judge on the bench, the former being just as high in my estimation as the latter. I hold the Irish girl who scrubs for an honest living in just as high esteem as the millionaire's daughter who lives in luxury and has a retinue of servants, male and female, to wait upon her, and while the former may not enjoy much life in a drawing-room, a crown of glory awaits her in heaven. The Irish girl working in America never need be ashamed of her position in life; she may be poor, but she is honest and

pure, and may God reward her for her good qualities, if not in this world, in that bright celestial one beyond the clouds, where sorrow is no more and where there are no drawing-rooms to distinguish between the rich and the poor.

I have seen my people in every walk of life all over the world—in the pulpit, on the bench, on the stage, at the bar, in the marts of trade, also in the House of Representatives in the National Capitol, as well as in the legislatures of different States, and they were possessed of all the necessary qualifications to fill the positions they occupied.

I have heard it asserted that if Ireland were free to-morrow she could never govern herself. Such a statement, to my mind, is a villainous lie, and the Irishman who makes such an assertion is not a sincere Irishman; he does not want to make any sacrifices for Irish freedom, nor does he want the iron grasp of the Saxon broken.

I have still hopes within this aching mind that Ireland must and shall lift herself, phoenix-like, from the grave and take her place among the nations of the world, but in order to accomplish this it is absolutely necessary that there should be an armed force back of this parliamentary agitation. Let John Redmond and his colleagues work their way, and let the men who believe "in the sword alone" to obtain Ireland's freedom work their way, but let neither of them place any obstructions in the other's way, and then when the time comes present a united front and drive the sword to the hilt in the enemies of our country.

In union there is always strength; in disunion always

disaster. The Irish people are the most faithful followers of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and also the most liberal contributors to Peter's Pence. They have built more Catholic churches than any nation in the world, and I trust God will not keep them in slavery forever, for they are his faithful children. The Irish race, though persecuted by England, is a noble one; generous and hospitable to a fault; every ready to help a countryman or countrywoman in time of need, and the greater part of that race longing for an opportunity to measure swords with the demon of all nations and despoiler of many homes, who would steal the Lord's Supper and come back for the tablecloth five minutes after.

I believe the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah were no worse than the city of London is to-day. Take the history of Cleveland street and take the history of the English officials in Dublin for the past fifty years. Take Sergeants Sheridan and Sullivan; take Wilde, Russell, Montgomery, Talbot and hosts of others. Their crimes were just as bad, and in some cases worse, than those of Sodom and Gomorrah. Some of the deeds of the sycophantic scorbutics in high stations of life surpassed any deeds or acts committed by the Egyptians who were drowned in the Red Sea by the command of the Almighty God himself. Still we are granted a special dispensation from the Propaganda to eat meat on a certain Friday in honor of a man who swore that our Most Holy Father himself worshipped idols and that the Catholic Church is superstitious and that there was no transubstantiation in the Body and Blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Here is the oath taken by King Edward VII. the

day he ascended the throne. His mother, the late Queen Victoria, took the same oath on the 20th day of November, 1837.

OATH TAKEN BY KING EDWARD, FEBRUARY 14, 1901.

"I, Edward, do solemnly and sincerely, and in the presence of God, profess, testify and declare that I do believe that in the Sacrament of our Lord's Supper there is not any transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever, and that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other saint and the sacrifice of the mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous; and I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify and declare that I do make this declaration and every part thereof in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation or mental reservation whatsoever, and without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before God or man of any part thereof, although the Pope or any other person or persons or power whatsoever should dispense with or annul the same or declare that it was null and void from the beginning."

Remember, kind reader, Edward VII. had taken that oath before the Pope granted a special dispensation to all of his Catholic subjects to eat meat on the Friday he was going to be coronated, which event, however, did not take place on that eventful day owing to the illness of the man in whose honor the dispensation was granted.

If I had got meat three times a week in Ireland I would not have left there thirty-three years ago, as I did, in order to better my condition. I look upon this dispensation from the Propaganda as one of the greatest insults the Irish Roman Catholics received from the banks of the Tiber. In justice to King Edward, I will not say that he is a bigot, but having the reputation of being a liberal-minded man, why in God's name did he take such an oath against his Catholic subjects? Of course, the English Government believes that the Catholic Church is founded on superstition, ignorance, heresy, idolatry and immorality, consequently we cannot expect anything better from their King than the abominable oath which he took when ascending the throne of England.

If any government official in the United States took such an oath when entering office, the people would tie him to the windward part of something of a cross between a bulldog and a coyote and then dump him in some cesspool, for he would be too obnoxious to the human race and would smell too bad.

Spain forced religion down the throats of her subjects with the usual results—she is nearly wiped off the face of the earth; a fate which she richly deserved, and she should have been blotted off the map of the world years ago. Such a fate awaits England, and just as sure as there is a just God she will suffer Spain's fate in the long run. I care not what a person's religion is—that is no business of mine—but a bigot I hate as I do a rattlesnake.

I believe all persons will go to heaven when they leave this world except the A. P. A.'s, and there is a little subterranean passageway awaiting all of them

in hell, where there will be nothing but skulls, crossbones and toads and scorpions, for of all the contemptible ruffians on this earth they are the foulest reptiles that ever polluted this glorious land with their presence. But, thanks to the intelligence of the rising generation, their abortion is aborted, and they are now a thing of the past.

With such men in the White House as the indefatigable Theodore Roosevelt, they have no show in this fair land of ours. No decent American would associate with one of them. The late Pope sent his representative to Queen Victoria's two jubilees, and his secretary, Rampolla, thinks more of the King of England's big toe than he does of all the Irish cardinals, bishops and archbishops and priests in Ireland. So do all the English Catholics, from the Duke of Norfolk down to the kennel-keeper. * If there be any decency among Englishmen, especially government officials, it is among the Protestants, and the same may be said of those in Ireland.

If I were living in Ireland I would strangle a child of mine before I would see that child wear His Majesty's battleship band on his hat. I have seen many children wear the bands of men-of-war ships on their hats; I have seen young women wearing the same kind of ornament in order to attract the attention of the minions of the Crown, but thank the Lord no decent, patriotic Irish girl would be seen wearing one of these emblems. A true Irishman would not have one in his lavatory.

Whenever a loyal man, especially if he be a Roman Catholic, is either on the bench or on the jury and an Irishman is on trial for any offense against the Crown, his doom is sealed the moment the jury enters the box.

The Roman Catholic hireling is far worse than the Protestant hireling. I would rather have my life in the hands of twelve Protestants any time, for I know I need expect no justice at the hands of a jury selected by a loyal judge of the Peter-the-Packer type of Roman Catholic. This Peter the Packer was the judge who packed himself from the bar to the bench and told the jury that convicted Cadogan that he was guilty. I have mentioned the foreman of this jury, and I might add to what I said that this scurvy-faced, so-called commercial traveler is a disgrace not alone in Ireland, but to all the members of that craft.

Another low creature is the professional patriot or faker. He would prostitute Ireland ten times a day for his own aggrandizement, and is always ready to participate in all Irish demonstrations, and is generally on horseback or riding in a carriage with some distinguished characters on every St. Patrick's Day parade. He makes some of the American politicians believe that he controls all the Irish votes in his organization, and is always successful in securing a fat position from Tammany Hall or some other hall on the strength of his connection with Irish affairs. The so-called faker cares no more for the freedom of Ireland than I do for the North Pole. We have another example of so-called patriots in America. I mean the St. Patrick's Day Irishman, who manages by hook or by crook to get a horse—if possible a gray one—and wears a green sash over his shoulders at the head of the procession, and looks at each corner of the street as the procession passes to see who is admiring him. Then he is never heard of for twelve months more

until he is seen on horseback again, but if he be called upon to contribute to strangle landlordism, he will tell you that he is tired of giving to this society and that, when in reality he never gives a cent, but he pays five dollars for the use of a horse and perhaps five more for the loan of the sash for one day. He is the St. Patrick's Day Irishman—only Irish once a year just to suit the occasion. The Irishman who never marches in procession on St. Patrick's Day, but gives his mite when called on to help his unfortunate country is my ideal of a man.

I have no objection to parades, but the money spent in America on each St. Patrick's Day for the past twenty years, if properly applied, would have had Irish landlordism strangled and buried in oblivion forever. Think of it, gentle reader, there has been at least \$50,000,000 spent on St. Patrick's Day parades in the United States during the past forty years, and one-half of that amount would have sent all the landlords in Ireland, including absentees—the spurious spawn of Oliver Cromwell's bastard breed—to perdition long ago.

Then the Irish boys and girls could remain at home in the country that Almighty God created for them, for when He made the world He made it for the benefit of the human race. I am only quoting you His own words:

“Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed, His people are free.”

THE OATH OF ABJURATION.

Father Richard Shelton, Superior of the Jesuits in Ireland, writing to the Sacred Congregation



in 1658, conveyed the sad intelligence that the persecution by Cromwell of the Irish Catholics was carried on with ever-increasing fury; especially, he adds, "every effort is now made to compel the Catholics, by exile, imprisonment, confiscation of goods and other penalties, to take the sacrilegious Oath of Abjuration, but in vain, for as yet there has not been one to take it, with the exception of a stranger residing in our island, who had acquired large possessions, and being afraid of losing them, and at the same time ashamed of the other Catholics, undertook a journey of more than two hundred miles to present himself to one of Cromwell's commissaries."

This oath, devised by Cromwell, condensed into a few formulas all the virulence of Puritanism against the Catholic tenets. It was as follows: "I, ——, abhor, detest, and abjure the authority of the Pope, as well in regard of the Church in general as in regard of myself in particular. I firmly believe and avow that no reverence is due to the Virgin Mary or to any other saint in heaven, and that no petition or adoration can be addressed to them without idolatry. I assert that no worship or reverence is due to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper or to the elements of bread and wine after consecration, by whomsoever that consecration may be made. I believe there is no purgatory, but that it is a Popish invention; so is also the tenet that the Pope can grant indulgences. I also firmly believe that neither the Pope nor any other priest can remit sins, as the Papists rave. And all this I swear," etc.

A simpler form of this Oath of Abjuration is given by

Father Dominick de Rosario from a work published in England in 1653, as follows: "I, ———, do reject and abjure the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff and assert that he has no jurisdiction over the Catholic Church in general or myself in particular. I abjure the doctrine of transubstantiation, purgatory and the worship of the crucifix or other images. I abjure, moreover, the doctrine which teaches that salvation is to be procured by good works. This I swear without any gloss, equivocation or mental reservation."

This short form, however, was judged insufficient, and the more detailed and more insulting abjuration of their religious tenets was exacted from the Catholics of Ireland. The following act of Parliament, which commanded this oath to be taken, will serve to give an idea of the severe penalties proscribed against those who refused to take it: "It is manifest (thus runs the preamble of the act) that the number of Popish recusants has of late greatly increased in this republic owing to the negligence with which the laws are carried into execution against them, and that infinite dangers arise hence to disturb the public peace. * * * Wherefore, to check these evils, it is commanded by the authority of Parliament:

"That the Grand Juries will make a diligent inquiry after all persons who are suspected of Popery, and have attained the age of 16 years, and all persons so accused will be obliged to present themselves at the next assizes, or at any quarter sessions, to make and subscribe to the Oath of Abjuration as follows: 'I, ———, do abjure and renounce the primacy of the Pope and all his pre-

tended authority over the Church in general, and over myself in particular,' etc.

"It is commanded that all justices of peace will send four times every year to each parish clerk to have a list of all persons suspected of being Popish recusants, who have attained their sixteenth year, and are consequently obliged to take the Oath of Abjuration. And that on the presentation of this list each justiciary shall send his orders to the bailiffs to summon those whose names are thus presented to appear personally before the judges at the next sessions. And if such persons do not appear at the next sessions to subscribe the oath it shall be proclaimed in public sessions that such persons do appear at the following sessions. And if they do not then appear to take and subscribe to the Oath of Abjuration they will be judged to be Popish recusants and subjected to all the penalties that may be incurred as such.

"That on suspicion which any justice of the peace may have he may summon the person whom he so suspects to appear at the next session, and subscribe to the Oath of Abjuration, under penalty of £100. And should such person refuse to submit to the pecuniary fine thus imposed on him he may be placed in custody until the time of sessions, and should he then refuse to take and subscribe to the said oath he shall be judged to be a Popish recusant as above.

"The Lord Protector is empowered to seize, by order of the Court of Exchequer, and take possession of, for the necessities of the republic, two-thirds of all the goods and chattels and property whatsoever belonging to persons so convicted each time that they refuse to subscribe.



to the said oath. Should a person, of whatsoever condition he may be, contract marriage with one whom he knows to be a Popish recusant, said person will himself be held as such, and subject to all the penalties as above, till such time as he shall take and subscribe to the Oath of Abjuration.

"Each justice of the peace who shall neglect his duty in fully carrying out this order will be fined £20; each parish clerk will be fined for a like neglect £10; each register of assizes, for each person that he omits in the registry, £20, and of all these fines one-half will be given to the accuser. That no subject of this republic be allowed to hear Mass at any hour whatsoever, either in their houses or in any other place, under penalty of £100 fine and six months' imprisonment, half of which fine will be given to the Lord Protector and the other half to the informer."

Thus the penalty against all who should refuse to take this oath was the confiscation of two-thirds of all their goods, which was to be repeated each time that they should prove refractory. It was expected that the Catholic gentry, already reduced to poverty by continued exactions, would be terrified into compliance by the dread of absolute penury and utter ruin, which now impended over them. As to the poorer classes another penalty remained, slavery in the Barbadoes. In every town commissaries and officers were specially deputed to receive this oath.



THE MASSACRE OF WYOMING, 1778.

The English historian Regnault, in his "Criminal History of England," gives the following documents in reference to the Revolutionary War: "Hitherto the English Government had uttered ridiculous threats, but the means which it adopted were infamous. The English sought for allies in the wigwams of the savages and excited the ferocity of the Indians by offering a reward for every American scalp. A regular trade in human heads was commenced between the Indians and the English generals. The following document will show how eagerly the abominable traffic was conducted, a letter from Capt. Crawford to Col. Haldiman, Governor of Canada, accompanying eight packs of scalps:

"May it please Your Excellency, at the request of the Seneca chiefs, I send, herewith, to Your Excellency, under the care of James Boyd, eight packs of scalps, cured and dried, hooped and painted with all the Indian triumphal marks of explanation: 1. Containing forty-three scalps of Congress soldiers, killed in different skirmishes; these are stretched on black hoops, four inches in diameter; the inside of the skin painted red, with a small back spot to note their being killed with bullets. Also sixty-two of farmers, killed in their houses, the hoops red; the skin painted brown and marked with a hoe; a black circle all around, to denote their being surprised in the night, and a black hatchet in the middle, signifying their being killed with that weapon.

"2. Containing ninety-eight of farmers, killed in their houses; hoops red; figure of a hoe to mark their profes-

sion ; great white circle and sun, to show they were surprised in the daytime ; a little red foot, to show they stood upon their defense, and died fighting for their lives and families.

“3. Containing ninety-seven of farmers ; hoops green, to show that they were killed in the fields ; a large white circle with a little round mark in it for the sun, to show that it was in the daytime.

“4. Containing 102 of farmers, mixed of the several marks above, only eighteen marked with a little yellow flame to denote their being of prisoners burned alive, after being scalped, their nails pulled out by the roots and other torments. Most of the farmers appear by the hair to have been young or middle-aged men, there being but sixty-seven very gray heads among them all, which makes the services more essential.

“5. Containing eighty-eight scalps of women ; hair long, braided in the Indian fashion, to show that they were mothers ; hoops blue ; skin yellow ground with little red tadpoles, to represent, by way of triumph, the tears of grief occasioned to their relations ; a black scalping knife or hatchet at the bottom, to mark their being killed with those instruments ; sixteen others, hair very gray ; black hoops ; plain brown color ; no marks but the short club or casse-tete, to show they were knocked down dead or had their brains beat out.

“6. Containing 200 boys' scalps of various ages ; small green hoops ; whitish ground on the skin, with red tears in the middle and black bullet marks, knife, hatchet or club, as their deaths happened.

“7. Two hundred girls scalped, big and little ; small

yellow hoops, white ground ; tears, hatchet, club, scalping knife, as their death happened.

“8. This package is a mixture of all the varieties above mentioned, to the number of 120, with a box of birch bark, containing thirty little infants' scalps of various sizes ; small white hoops with white ground.

“ ‘With these packs the chiefs send to Your Excellency the following speech, delivered by Coneiogatchie in council: “Father, we send you herewith many scalps that you may see we are not idle friends. Father, we wish you to send these scalps over the water to the great King, that he may regard them and be refreshed and that he may see our faithfulness in destroying his enemies, and be convinced that his presents have not been made to an ungrateful people.” ’ ”

One of the first utterances on the subject of Indians in the Revolutionary War is to be found in the Declaration of Independence, in which George III. is arraigned because “he has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions.”

Four days after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, Congress adopted an address to the people of Great Britain. The address to the people of Ireland, in which it is asserted that “the wild and barbarous savages of the wilderness have been solicited by gifts to take up the hatchet against us, and instigated to deluge our settlements with the blood of defenseless women and children,” was agreed to July 28, 1775. The address to the people of Ireland is dated May 10, 1775, the date of

the assembling of Congress, but the address was agreed to July 28.

At the commencement of the Revolution, England, knowing the value of the Indian in "warfare," began buying the chiefs of the savages. As early as July, 1775, John Stuart, a loyalist of Charleston, S. C., and at the time in the pay of England, received a letter from Gen. Gage, the English commander-in-chief, which contained instructions "to improve a correspondence with the Indians to the greatest advantage, and even when opportunity offers make them take arms against His Majesty's enemies, and distress them all in your power; for no terms are to be kept with them; * * * in short, no time should be lost to distress a set of people so wantonly rebellious." Stuart proceeded to carry out the desires of his superior, and, in a letter of October 3, reported progress.

From England instructions were forwarded on July 5, 1775, by Lord Dartmouth to Col. Johnson, to "keep the Indians in such a state of affection and attachment to the King as that His Majesty may rely upon their assistance in any case in which it may be necessary." Previously Congress had sent commissioners to the various Indian tribes requesting them to make common cause with them against England, or if not willing to take up arms to at least remain neutral.

When the tidings of this event reached England, Dartmouth sent word again to Johnson as follows: "The intelligence His Majesty has received of the rebels having excited the Indians to take a part, and of their having actually engaged a body of them in arms to support their

rebellion, justifies the resolution His Majesty has taken of requiring the assistance of his faithful adherents, the Six Nations. It is, therefore, His Majesty's pleasure that you do lose no time in taking such steps as may induce them to take up the hatchet against His Majesty's rebellious subjects in America, and to engage them in His Majesty's service, upon such plan as shall be suggested by Gen. Gage." This work Johnson had already accomplished even before Dartmouth had placed the British Government on record as willing to employ Indians in the war.

The attitude assumed by the British Government in the order of July 24 represented the position which was retained during the remainder of the war. From Halifax on June 7, 1776, Gen. Howe assured Lord George Germain that his best endeavors would be used to engage the Indians of the Six Nations, and he hoped by the influence of Col. Guy Johnson to make them useful. In the Fall of 1776 Germain forwarded a supply of presents to the Indians, and called the attention of the generals in command to the necessity of securing their services.

The greatest of all the Indian chiefs who were in the pay of England during the seven years of the war for American independence, was Joseph Brant. The Indian Commissioner, Col. Guy Johnson, knowing well the use of this savage chief, made him his secretary and sent him to England, where he was received by George III., in person, and others with consideration. After a brief stay Brant returned to Canada, while his memory of British adulation was still fresh, and at the head of his savages commanded at the battle of Cedar Rapids.

Soon after, Brant, to show his consideration for the audience with George III., led his savages to a conference at Cherry Valley, and there pledged the fortunes of his men to the service of England. Brant, now spurred on by British gold, led his men in attacks on defenseless towns, and soon "had shown himself," to use the words of Col. Claus, "to be the most faithful and zealous subject His Majesty could have in America." He did his work unsparingly and ruin marked his track.

The valley of Wyoming is one of the most romantic and historic localities in the country. It was a little town situated on the Susquehanna River, in Luzerne County, Pa. At the commencement of the Revolution the inhabitants of this peaceful town, eagerly and in large numbers, enlisted themselves in the army. By June, 1776, nearly every able-bodied man of Wyoming was away in the service of the Continental army. In the Fall of 1776 two companies had been raised in the valley and ordered to join Washington's army. The withdrawal of so large a proportion of the able-bodied men as had been enlisted in the Continental service threw upon the old men and boys who were left behind the duty of guarding the forts.

Repeated alarms during the Summer of 1777 compelled the young men to scour the woods, but their vigilance did not prevent some prisoners being taken by the Indians. In March, 1778, another military company was organized by Congress, to be employed for home defense. In May attacks were made upon the scouting parties by Indians, who were the forerunners of an invading army. The exposed situation of the settlement, the prosperity of

the inhabitants and the loyalty with which they had responded to the call for troops excited the rage and thirst of the Indians and Tories.

Such was the defenseless condition of the valley when an expedition of Tories and Indians, under Brant, aided by some English soldiers, prepared to fall upon Wyoming. The inhabitants, aged and young, and even women, fearing the intended attack, armed themselves, and determined to fight the Indians and the more savage Tories. On July 3 a council of war was held, and Col. Zebulon Butler was appointed commander of the small force that was to cope with the bloodthirsty combinations. They resolved to anticipate the threatened attack by marching against the enemy.

Calling his faithful companions—300 aged men and boys—around him, Col. Butler thus addressed them: "Men, yonder is the enemy. The fate of the Hardings tells us what we have to expect if defeated. We come out to fight not only for liberty, but for life itself, and, what is dearer, to preserve our homes from conflagration, our women and children from the tomahawk. Stand firm the first shock; the Indians will give way. Every man to his duty."

It was about 4 o'clock, the sky cloudless, and the heat quite oppressive. The Americans were ordered to advance a step at each fire. Soon the battle became general, and the British left, where Col. Butler appeared, with a handkerchief around his head, earnestly cheering his men, began to give way. But a flanking party of Indians, which covered that wing of the enemy, and was concealed under some bushes upon the river bank, kept

up a galling fire. In the meantime the Indian sharpshooters along the line kept up a horrid yell, the sound of which reached the women and children at the fort.

For nearly an hour the battle was waged with unceasing energy on both sides, but the vastly superior number of the enemy began to manifest its advantage. The Indians on the American left, sheltered and half concealed by the swamp, succeeded in outflanking Col. Dennison, and fell with terrible force upon his rear. He was thus exposed to the cross fire of the Tories and Indians. Perceiving this he ordered his men to fall back in order to change his position. The order was mistaken for one of retreat. That word was uttered with fatal distinction along the line, and his whole division fled in confusion at the moment when the British left was giving way.

A few more minutes might have given victory to the patriots. Col. Butler and Col. Dorrance used every exertion to rally and retrieve the loss, but in vain. Col. Butler, seemingly unconscious of danger, rode along the lines exposed to the fire, beseeching his troops to remain firm. "Don't leave me, my children!" he exclaimed, "and the victory is ours!" But it was too late; the Indians leaped forward like wounded tigers. Every American captain that led a company into action was slain at the head of his men. Longer resistance was vain, and the whole American line, broken, shattered and dispersed, fled in confusion.

The scene that ensued was terrible indeed. A party of Indians rushed forward to cut off the retreat, while the rest, following the main army, who fled through the fields of grain toward Monocasy Island, slaughtered them by

scores. Many who could not swim and hesitated upon the brink of the river, were shot down, and others, who hid themselves in bushes upon the shore, were dragged out and shot or tomahawked, regardless of their cry for quarter. Many swam to Monocasy Island, whither their pursuers followed and hunted them like deers in cover. Others were shot while swimming, and some who were lured back to the shore by promises of quarter were butchered without mercy. Of the 300 who went that morning, the names are recorded of 162 officers and men killed in the action or in the massacre which followed. Major Butler, the British officer in command, reported the taking of "227 scalps and only five prisoners." Only a few escaped to the eastern side of the river and fled in safety to the mountains.

"Fort Niagara," says the historian Lossing, in reciting further details of the massacre, "was a British post, the common rallying place of Tories and savages, of refugees and vagabonds. And here many a dark deed of vengeance was planned. In June a party salied forth, 1,200 strong, composed of desperadoes and Indians, who, after laying waste the country on the route, descended upon the fair settlement of Wyoming, massacring its inhabitants in the most brutal and fiendish manner.

"The able-bodied male population—1,000—were chiefly away in the army; Col. Butler, officer in the Continental army, was home on a furlough and gathered the old men and boys. But his force, all told, mustered less than three hundred, and the horde of invaders, more than twice as numerous, knew the woods well and had come to destroy and deal death, not to recover and hold.

In the engagement nine-tenths of the heroic defenders were killed and scalped.

"The English commander boastfully reported having burned 1,000 houses and every mill in the valley. He omitted to state that in several instances old men, women and children were shut into the buildings and all consumed together; or that monsters in human shape—the Tories—painted like Indians, took the lives of persons with diabolical fury. A horrified group of survivors fled through a pass in the hills to the eastern settlements. Then the bloodthirsty marauders left the smoking scene of solitary desolation and turned toward the region of Rochester to continue their terrible work."

"After the savages had completed their work of slaughter in the field," says Giraudin, "they immediately proceeded to invest Fort Kingston, to which Col. Dennison had fled with the small remnant of Butler's troops and the defenseless women and children. In such a state of weakness the defense of the fort was out of the question, and all that remained to Dennison was to attempt to gain some advantageous terms by the offer of surrender. For this purpose he went himself to the savage chief (Brant); but that inhuman monster, that Christian cannibal in the pay of England, replied to the question of terms that he should grant them the hatchet.

"He was more than true to his word, for when, after resisting until all his garrison were killed or disabled, Col. Dennison was compelled to surrender at discretion, his merciless conqueror, tired of scalping, and finding the slow process of individual murder insufficient to glut his appetite, shut up all that remained in the houses and

barracks, and by the summary aid of fire reduced all at once to one promiscuous heap of ashes. Nothing now remained that wore the face of resistance to these savage invaders but the little fort of Wilkesborough, into which about seventy of Col. Butler's men had effected their retreat.

"These with about the same number of Continental soldiery, constituted its whole force, and when the enemy appeared before them they surrendered without even asking conditions, under the hope that their voluntary obedience might find some mercy. But mercy dwelt not in the bosoms of these savages and Tories; submission could not stay their insatiable thirst of blood. The cruelties and barbarities which were practiced upon these unresisting soldiers were even more wanton, if possible, than those which had been exhibited at Fort Kingston. These seventy Continental soldiers were deliberately butchered in cold succession; and then a repetition of the same scene of general and promiscuous conflagration took place which had closed the tragedy at the other fort. Men, women and children were locked up in the houses and left to mingle their cries and screams with the flames that mocked the power of an avenging God."

Thomas Campbell, in his well-known poem, "Gertrude of Wyoming," describes the conflict. An Oneida Indian has just announced to two of the characters in the story the expected attack, and the poem continues thus:

"Scarce had he uttered when heaven's verge extreme
Reverberates the bomb's descending star,
And sounds that mingled laugh, and shout, and scream,
To freeze the blood in one discordant jar,

Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.

Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assailed,
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed,
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wailed.

Then looked they to the hills, where fire o'erhung.

The bandit groups in force were there,
Or swept, far seen, the tower, whose clock unrun
Told legible that midnight of despair.



TAMMANY.

Tammany Hall called the baboons and chimpanzees in Central Park O'Briens and Murphys, instead of Hewitts, Ernests and McArthurs, disciples of the convent burners. That, indeed, was not very complimentary to the Irish voters and taxpayers of America. Irish-American voters defeated James G. Blaine for the Presidency of the United States because Tammany wanted a man who acknowledged that he was a sworn member of the United Order of American Mechanics, the spurious spawn of the old Know Nothing Party that burned the convent in Charlestown, Mass.; with nine Sisters of Charity inside its walls. Yes, and the sister of the man who was sent to the White House by Irish-American voters instead of James G. Blaine wrote a book assailing the good, pure Sisters of Charity, no doubt because the years of her spinsterhood were a foregone conclusion.

Blaine's opponent was England's choice as well as Tammany's. Tammany would support Judas Iscariot against Robert Emmet, provided the former believed in the democracy founded by Tammany, not by Jefferson.

Tammany or its disciples never supported any Irishman for office, no matter how menial that office was, and still the organization claims a mortgage on every Irishman's vote the minute he becomes naturalized. When Gen. Thomas Francis Burk ran for Congress in New York City, Tammany defeated him and elected in his place a German. Burk's only crime was that he was captured in Ireland with arms in his hands fighting against

England. He was sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered; later his sentence was commuted. He was released and came to America, ran for Congress, was defeated by Tammany, who elected Nicholas Müller. This is only one instance of Tammany's perfidy.

No Irishman can obtain either a municipal or Federal position in the City of New York and retain it any length of time if he be known to be a member of any Irish revolutionary organization, as John Bull is as predominant in New York as he is in London. Take, for instance, the case of O'Donovan Rossa, who spent the best years of his manhood behind prison bars, and who wore chains for his beloved country, and who now carries the hired assassin's bullet in his body for advocating the destruction of the rotten British Empire by any means available—the use of dynamite, Greek fire, osmic acid or any other fire or acid within the reach of Irishmen, every one of which the writer would use against England and without any more conscientious scruples than the English Government had when women and children were bayoneted in the streets of Clonakilty; yes, and even the unborn babes were taken from their mothers' wombs and carried on bayonets through the streets.

O'Donovan Rossa could not get a dollar-a-day job in New York to-day from Tammany Hall or any other hall on account of his connection with Irish affairs, notwithstanding the fact that the majority of the Sachems of Tammany Hall are either Irish or Irish descent. Rossa is too bad a man (in the opinion of the Anglo-maniac politicians), but how many men holding office in New York City were tried for wilful murder? Let Orange Croker



answer the question, if he can spare the time, for he is now hobnobbing with the English nobility.

If Rossa were not a staunch Irishman before his imprisonment, how in heaven's name could English prisons make him an Irishman? He was just as sterling an Irishman forty years ago as he is to-day, but he would not be a participant in ballot-box stuffing, consequently no Irishman of his type need apply for political position in New York City. Even the son of the illustrious John Mitchell was "thrown down" by English influence in the "great Irish city" of America. Thank God! I never wanted a position from either of the New York governments. I would rather fill a grave in Potter's Field than cater to a New York politician for a job.

No doubt Tammany will be doing business at the same old corrupt stand when I am in my grave; and when O'Donovan Rossa will have been canonized saint, Tammany may exist and English influence predominate, and St. Patrick's Day Irishmen may ride gray horses and wear green sashes; but the disciples of Robert Emmet, Wolfe Tone, O'Donovan Rossa, John Mitchell, Charley Doran, etc., will also be living and will be held in more esteem than all the politicians that existed since the burning of the convent in Charlestown by the Know Nothing Party, and the Cellar Brigade, the A. P. As., who tried to defeat Theodore Roosevelt for Governor of New York State, and who advocated the practice of polygamy in Utah under our glorious banner established by the Father of our country, the illustrious George Washington.

Ever since New York had an A. P. A. mayor this kind of corruption has existed in politics. Roll on ye caterers

to toadyism! Roll on and give John Bull what he asks for in your great city. Keep Irishmen who swore to free their country from the grasp of British tyranny out of your ranks. Make room for the Crokers and Dudleys, the Everetts and the Hays, and keep out the Mitchells, the Rossas and the Costellos; they are too antagonistic to British influence in your great cosmopolitan City of New York. Supplant them with Hewitts, McArthurs, Myers, Rainsfords; give all these gentlemen (?) platform seats, as the "pit" is good enough for the Fords, the Roaches and the Finnertys. They are all "red-hot" Irishmen and do not know how to colonize quarters or stuff ballot boxes. And they call this Jeffersonian Democracy! Go vora Dhia Lin.

The Choate politicians of the Westminster type are always welcome in New York. The Irish or Irish-American School Commissioners should compel such A. P. A. teachers as Ernest (of public school fame) to teach pupils true American history instead of tearing down Erin's emblem, and from the clothes of the children of a New York police captain, too! With such sewer rats filling municipal positions in our great city, is it any wonder that decent people should be disgusted with New York office holders?

Thirty thousand paraders marching to the music of German bands, and their colors torn from the clothes of little innocent children, and the little picayune bigot of an abortion or miscarriage is still allowed to do business at the old stand, with all the Irish taxpayers of New York contributing to keep him there—tha go bra.

Yes, and the boys who wear the sashes on the 17th of

March elected an A. P. A. Mayor of New York, one of whose first official acts of gratitude to his Irish constituents was to order down Erin's flag on St. Patrick's Day. Were Hodgins of age and "running for office" he would be defeated by the rowdy element of the different wards of this city, despite the lad's manly resistance against an unprincipled, bigoted pedagogue, who in all probability could not quote four lines of America's national anthem. I doubt if he would be able to tell when Columbus was born, but undoubtedly he would be able to tell where the defunct A. P. A. held forth previous to their abortion.

Bravo, young Hodgins! You are a credit to the mother who bore you, and should you ever "run for office" in your native city you will have my humble vote and support. I care not whether you "run" on the Democratic or Republican ticket; you are possessed of the right mettle, and in all probability if you were a few years older this little rat would not have things his own way. I only wish all Irish-Americans were of your way of thinking.

The Hewitts, the Crokers and the A. P. Apes—termed Pusillanimous Aggregation of American Asses—whose abortion is now placarded everywhere, from Maine to California, in their favorite meeting places—the lavatories—before Price, the stationery dealer of San Francisco, went to San Quentin for sending obscene literature through the mails.

Price peached on another A. P. Ape engaged in the same hellish business, thinking he could have a corner in the filthy reading and form an A. P. A. trust on a small



scale, but he was caught in his own trap and wore chains for the Apes for two years and six months (a just reward for his perfidy). He was not only a licentious black-guard, but also an informer. He and the satchel doctors are no acquisition to our American institutions. Yet these are the people who shout aloud in their cellars: "Avaunt, you foreigners! Go back to where you came from. We want no foreigners here, especially Papists." Still the Apes murder the innocent babes before they are born and also stab in the back whenever they get a chance.

One man whom we should all highly appreciate is living in the White House—a man, not a politician, and one who is as free from bigotry as the Atlantic Ocean is of small-pox; consequently he is as obnoxious to the Apes as a plague at a camp meeting. The McArthurs, who are not even citizens of this glorious land, and their followers are pushed to the front by Irish-American voters of New York. How long, O Lord, how long is this state of affairs to last? Ye Gods! How easily the Irish-American voters of this great metropolis are gulled. The bait is thrown out to them by the Crokers, and they bite every time.

The principles of the Democracy founded by Thomas Jefferson are as different from those of Tammany Hall as a chimpanzee is superior to the A. P. Apes in both quality and quantity—the one will fight fairly, with his face to the enemy, while the other will stab in the back.

The Roman Catholic votes of New York elected an A. P. A. Mayor, and, strange to say, all the A. P. A.'s forming the dark lantern brigade take a solemn and binding oath never to support a Roman Catholic "running for any office," no matter how menial. Think of

this, you sash bearers and Crokerites. Think of the time when you defeated Henry George, when Dr. McGlynn was suspended through the instrumentality of Tammany Hall for supporting him against the A. P. A. candidate who helped to put the rope around the brave and fearless Patrick O'Donnell, who shed his blood in defense of our glorious Union.

I was on the floor of the House of Representatives in Washington when Hewitt took the resolutions out of Capt. Ed. O'Meagher Condon's hand and told Condon they were too strong; that they should be modified. He then wrote out some kind of resolutions and presented them. Carlisle, who was at that time Speaker of the House, recognized Hewitt, and the resolutions were passed; that same day on the way from the National Capitol Hewitt stopped at the British Minister's (Sackville West's) house and apologized for what he had done.

John Finerty, of Chicago, was Congressman at that time, and he did his best to save poor O'Donnell; so did Richelieu Robinson, but all of no avail. John Bull was supreme in Washington in those days. O'Donnell was hanged and the man who helped hang him was a few years later elected A. P. A. Mayor of New York by the men who wear green sashes and ride gray horses on St. Patrick's Day, and allow a school teacher (no doubt Saxonized in some kind of a British workshop) to tear the shamrocks off Capt. Hodgkin's little son's clothes. Well, well! And McPartland still lives under cover like Rody the Rover, forming secret societies and putting up dirty jobs; and Sheridan, the confessed mutilator of

dumb beasts, is allowed an asylum under the banner of the free. Wonders will never cease. *Justitia fiat autem solæ revolatit.*

When O'Donovan Rossa ran for State Senator in New York he was lawfully elected, but counted out by Irish-American Tammany office holders, who counted in a man since sentenced to thirteen years in a New York State penitentiary, and who died wearing a convict's garb.

God save Ireland!



FAREWELL TO IRELAND.

On the sixteenth day of August, in eighteen sixty-eight,

I left my native Ireland, being forced to emigrate.

The rents and taxes were too high, at home I could not stay ;

So I heaved a sigh and said "Good-by ; I'm going far away."

The thought of leaving home, and while in my boyhood years,

Caused me to weep—but not through fear—some very bitter tears.

On board the good ship Denmark we ploughed the raging sea,

With hearts and spirits light and gay for the land of liberty.

While passing by the Fastnet Rock, convenient to Cape Clear,

I saw the hills around my home and shed a silent tear.

On deck that night I made a vow I'd be to Ireland true,
And greater grew my love for her while on the ocean blue.

While on the broad Atlantic I thought of all her woes,
And bitter grew my hatred for her ruthless, cruel foes ;
Though I was but a youngster, not yet quite eighteen,
I longed to be a Fenian and wear a suit of green.

So when I landed in New York to headquarters I did steer,

And there I saw the captain and became a volunteer.

At Pigeon Hill soon after we raised our flag of green,
One May, the twenty-fourth, the birthday of England's
Queen.

How it ended in disaster it is needless now to tell;
How the base LeCaron sold us and the flag of Ireland
fell.

O'Neill was our commander, a soldier brave was he,
Who fought beneath the Stars and Stripes, the colored
folk to free.

Since then I've been a wanderer 'neath the red, the white
and blue,

But to that land that gave me birth I always will be true.

I've been in California, and down in Mexico,

Montana and Wyoming and also Idaho;

Though I've traveled many lands there's none so dear
to me

As that persecuted little isle that sparkles in the sea.

The vilest reptiles of this earth lay claim to Irish soil,

While the bone and sinew of our race for them do daily
toil;

The ill-got gains of Cromwell's race in vile debauch are
spent,

While the sons and daughters of the Gael across the sea
are sent

To seek a home 'mong strangers far, far from mother's
care,

Some destined ne'er to see again their native isle so fair.

I never shall forget when I bade mother dear good-by,

The sad expression on her face when she began to cry.

"You're going far away," said she, "'tis sad to part
with you,

Your father's heart is breaking, alas! what shall I do?"
She said her daily prayers would be to see again once
more

Beside her by the old fireside her bauchail baan astoir.
The following year a letter came which brought sad news
to me,

My father he was dying, far, far across the sea;
He thought that he would die in peace if he could see
again

The boy who left a year ago to sail across the main.

When I received that letter I said I wouldn't wait,

I went aboard a ship next day, alas! it was too late.

That face my father longed to see he never did see more,
For he was in his silent grave before I reached the shore;
And mother died some years ago—they're buried in one
grave

On an Irish hillside by the sea, may peace be theirs I
crave.

Their boy is now a full-grown man, whose night thoughts
often fly

To Ardfield Graveyard on that hill where both my parents
lie.

And now a girl of Irish race has won my hand and heart,
And won my vows to cherish her till death us both would
part;

In Brooklyn I am living, with wife and children dear,
But all along for Ireland's cause I am a volunteer;
And would again go to the front, there is no change in
me;

I'm willing as I was of yore to strike for liberty.



Though years since then are passed away and marked
upon my brow,
I've ne'er forgotten Innisfail, I'm thinking of her now.
Sad is it to have to part from all we loved so well,
And sad to say to all we loved the parting word "fare-
well";
With my new love are now my thoughts, anear or far
away—
That girl that I love dearly in Hart street, near Broadway.

BANTRY BAY.

I'm thinking now of ninety-eight, and sadly do bewail
The fate of those who left their homes for Bantry to set
sail.
There was one among them to Irishmen well known,
Whose memory soon we'll celebrate—the martyred, brave
Wolfe Tone.
'Tis sad to think of those dear scenes in distant climes
away,
Where first I played upon the green at dear old Bantry
Bay.

When last I saw my native town surrounded by her hills,
I thought of all her glories, her sorrows and her ills;
Her maids so fair with rosy cheeks, most charming to be-
hold,
Anear or far it is well known, by every one adored.



Those childhood days of happiness I think of night and
day,
And memory fills this aching heart for dear old Bantry
Bay.

Dear native town, no tongue can tell how dear you are
to me,
And would to God that I could strike a blow to set you
free.

If e'er I visit you again I hope that it will be
To drive the Saxons from our land and fight for liberty.
Jer. Mullin and McCarthy, Bill Downing and O'Shea
Would rally round our flag of green at dear old Bantry
Bay.

Now in a foreign country, 'mid scenes and faces new,
My heart flies back to you, dear town, so gentle, kind and
true.

How well do I remember your Main street and your
quay,
Your public square and cove so grand and Saxon
Battery;
Your illustrious sons and daughters, I can for them
proudly say
That they never feared a redcoat at dear old Bantry
Bay.

Dear native hills and valleys, where in childhood I did
roam,
I think of you in distant climes far from the dear old
home;

Though in a foreign country, I love you more and more,
And bless the hours that I have spent with you in days
of yore.

Oh! how I long my bark to steer and hear the lookout say,
"There on the lee the land I see near dear old Bantry
Bay."

Bold Doheny, in forty-eight, an outlawed man was he,
Close to your town he wrote that song called "Cushla
Gal Machree."

There was another Irishman who once was light and airy,
Who fought with Gen. John O'Neill, his name is Pat
O'Leary;

He fought in far-off Canada at the Battle of Ridgeway,
And showed John Bull what he could do for dear old
Bantry Bay.

Now fare you well, dear Bantry, likewise Glengariff's
shore,

Perhaps that I am destined to see your face no more.
Though in a foreign country, for you I'll always mourn,
And with a change of government to you I would return.
Your sons and daughters then so merrily would say,
Welcome from Columbia to dear old Bantry Bay.

Your maidens and your matrons with smiles of purity
Are a credit to that ancient town wherever they may be;
Your bronzed and rugged boatmen, how well their crafts
they steer
Before the wind with all sail free from Whiddy to Cape
Clear.

My fondest hope is that they may see the dawn of freedom's day,
And freemen all on land and sea in dear old Bantry Bay.

Glengariff and famed Keimaneigh are places I know well,
The Priest's Leap and Cohomola where patriots do dwell ;
Durrus and Dunboy Castle, where Philip nobly fought
Against the Saxon hirelings whose lives he dearly sought.
Famed castle town of old renown enchantingly doth lay,
Where O'Sullivan Beare did the English scare in dear old
Bantry Bay.

THOUGHTS OF THE FENIAN DAYS.

When I left home in sixty-eight to cross the deep blue sea,
Good men and true were living then who'd fight for liberty ;
We had no Land League in those days, though tyrants quaked with fear,
When the manhood of old Erin's Isle to fight would volunteer.
The bone and sinew of our race were ready at the call,
To strike for home and liberty with musket, blade and ball ;
Doran brave and Dillon, Murphy and O'Neill,
With their beds upon the heather and brightly shining steel.

In those good old days the landlords sought protection
night and day,
For the Fenians were the leaguers then preparing for the
fray;
The barracks were made bullet-proof, the Peelers to
protect,
For a volley from the I. R. B. they hourly did expect.
Such men as Captain Mackey and Kilclooney, Crowley
too,
Rossa and O'Mahoney for tyrants made it blue;
Their preaching and their teaching made Irishmen unite,
For they were willing at that time to fight with all their
might.

Alas, the time has changed since then, we have no army
now,
The people seem contented and to Land Leaguers do
bow;
Do they forget the centuries of torture and of hate,
The murder of our people in good old ninety-eight?
The babes and mothers murdered from morning till sun-
down,
Their brains bespattered in the streets of Clonakilty town?
The best and bravest of our race were banished far and
wide
And forced to leave their happy homes upon the green
hillside.

Can Irishmen forget such acts and now contented be,
And think that agitation will set old Ireland free?

The sword alone will wrest our rights the Saxon knows
full well,

For he has dealt us blows as foul, aye, blows as black as
hell.

Then why should we give up the cause for which our
fathers died?

Nay! Strike for home with shot and shell, by them we
should abide.

So, Irishmen, get ready, renew once more the fight,
To strike for home and liberty should be your heart's
delight.

All traitors to our sacred cause no quarter should be
given,

But should be hounded night and day and from old
Ireland driven.

Should they refuse to fall in line, like traitors they should
die,

With scarce a minute's warning upon a gallows high.

I see no reason why our isle in bondage now should be,

We should unite with all our might and strike for liberty.

The Leaguers and the Fenians should join with heart and
hand

And deal John Bull that longed-for blow through all the
dear old land.

The North and South should now unite and both stand
side by side,

And think of God and country and cast their creeds aside.

The orange and the green as their emblems should
entwine,

And shake their hands for Ireland's cause once more
across the Boyne.
When England hears of unity the "sponge" she will
throw down,
And give us what she stole from us in valley, hill and
town.
Then the union of the Irish race will ring from shore to
shore,
And then the Orange and the Green be friends for ever-
more.

ON LEAVING IRELAND.

Oh, why must I reluctantly from you, dear land, depart,
And cross the wild Atlantic with a heavy, aching heart?
The rich are traitors to your cause and loyal to the Crown,
But soon, thank God, we'll take our stand and tear their
colors down.
Too long we've borne the alien yoke, too long the Saxon
chain,
But now this yoke we do defy, we'll rend it soon in twain.
The sons and daughters of the Gael united now doth
stand,
And bid defiance to John Bull and his Iscariot band.

CHORUS.

The government J. P.'s and dispensary M. D.'s
Are loyal to King Edward like some of the M. P.'s.
Avaunt! I say, you're knaves, you are traitors; you are
slaves
And you should never have the chance to lie in freemen's
graves.

In Ireland I found, since I came from 'cross the sea,
The tradesmen and mechanics all willing to be free;
The laborer and the farmer who toil the live-long day,
Working for the Plunderer who their hearts' blood drains
away.

These are the men to fall in line prepared to do or die,
And now are waiting one and all to hear the battle cry—
"Faugh-a-Ballagh" is our watchword, the hour is nigh at
hand

To strike a blow for liberty to free the dear old land.

The squireens and the shoneens who are praying for old
King Ned,

And Peter the "Packer" on the bench with wig upon his
head;

The parson and the Peeler and a shopkeeper or two
Are traitors to our sacred cause when now they should
be true.

Alas! Alas! that they were bred upon my native soil
To help the marauders our happy homes to spoil;
But there is a day of reckoning, thank God it's near at
hand,

When we will banish all of them from out our native
land.

I found the rich were willing slaves and wanted
monarchy,

Afraid they'd lose their ill-got gains if Ireland should be
free.

To see these cringing starvelings, slaves, when the fleet
came to town,

Begging for the patronage of minions of the Crown.
Some wearing bands upon their hats of England's King
and Queen,
Who murdered Robert Emmet for the love he bore the
green.
Think of the Irish girl who is forced to leave her home
And in a foreign land, among strangers, there to roam.

LEAVING HOME.

Alas! Alas! in foreign lands six thousand miles from
home,
Thinking of my native hills in distant climes to roam;
I left your fertile plains, asthore, when I was young in
years,
And when I kissed a mother dear she wiped away her
tears.
I left her with a broken heart to travel far away;
Heart and brain with care oppressed I sailed from Bantry
Bay.
I left one Sunday morning before the signal gun;
'Twas there my many troubles and sorrows had begun.
As I sailed out of the harbor I whispered a farewell
To the sun-kissed hills and meadows green and daisies in
the dell;
The little birds ne'er sang so sweet as did they on that
day
When I left home and kindred and sailed from Bantry
Bay.

As I sailed in the little craft that took me out to sea,
'Twas then I prayed to God above my country to set free ;
There is no reason she should be in bondage all these
 years,
Bleeding from her many wounds and shedding bitter
 tears.
She is as fair as other lands and trying night and day
To raise the Green above the Red in dear old Bantry Bay.

Although out in the great Far West with plenty all
 around,
I'd rather live in Ireland, my own dear native ground.
'Tis true there's wealth galore out here and plenty and
 to spare,
But give to me old Erin's Isle, none with her can
 compare.
I know her fields are fresh and green, but she does
 in bondage lay,
And that's the reason I left home and sailed from Bantry
 Bay.

As I roam these wild prairies and mountains of the West,
My thoughts fly o'er the billows to the land that I love
 best ;
Though oceans roll between us, you're ever dear to me,
I'll ne'er forget my native hills for any country.
Your sons and daughters they are brave at home or far
 away,
And always will be dear to me far, far from Bantry Bay.

Why should the wandering Celt forget his home beyond
the sea,
The Liffy and Blackwater, the Shannon and the Lee,
Killarney and Glengariff, Avoca and Dunlow,
The pass of Keimaneigh, where yoemen were laid low?
These places all are dear to me, though I am far away,
Yet still my heart flies back once more to dear old Bantry
Bay.

A DREAM OF HOME.

I had a dream the other night of my home beyond the sea,
I thought I saw our green flag float, and that triumph-
antly;
I thought old Ireland was free, and that from shore
to shore,
And all the minions of the Crown lay weltering in their
gore.
The boys and girls were marching beneath our Irish
green,
And fife and drum were sounding defiantly, I ween.
Parnell and Mitchell I saw there with Emmet by their
side;
Rossa and brave Doran, old Ireland's joy and pride.

Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, with Mackey in the van,
Brave John O'Neill, of Ridgeway fame, a valiant Irish-
man.
I thought that I was close by him once more at Pigeon
Hill,
Where Booker met his Waterloo and was retreating still.

The redcoats were all routed and driven to despair,
They numbered six to one of us, but with us could not
compare.

Tim Cadogan I thought I saw the night before he died,
Defying the judge and jury packed—he was both true and
tried.

Mike Barrett bold, of Clerkenwell, McClure and Crowley,
too,

Joe Brady and Dan Curley and Fitzharris brave and true;
Corydon and Massy were with Talbot down below,
With skulls and toads and crossbones, with us they had
no show.

James Stevens gazed upon the crowd and told them one
and all,

Old Ireland was a nation now and ne'er again should fall.
He called his comrades to his side and thus to them did
say,

“No more we'll fear the Saxon foe from Down to Bantry
Bay.”

Tim Sheehy, Flor McCarthy, Collins and Jack Shea,
Bob Saunders and O'Leary were foremost in the fray;
Costigan and Canty, Tim Hurley and Taboo,
O'Leary and his stalwart sons to Ireland's always true.
O'Connor's yacht was sailing around Whiddy's ancient
isle,

With the green flag and the shamrock, the emblem of our
isle.

O'Donovan gave three hearty cheers for home and
fatherland,

Saying, “We must hold our own against any Saxon
band.”

O'Shea and Con O'Mahoney were marching through the
street,

Young Buckley and Bill Goggin together all did meet;
Bill was riding on a horse as he marched through the
town,

When Cotter raised above the red the harp without the
crown.

Gilhooley gazed upon the crowd, saying, "What a
glorious day,

The Saxon we have now subdued and him must keep at
bay."

In unity there's always strength, now we must do or die
Before we'll yield to any power but that of God on high.

The boats were in the harbor and all was there serene,
The Union Jack was in the dust replaced by Ireland's
Green.

The Peelers looked forlorn, each wore a scowl or frown,
When they thought of all the happy homes that they had
helped to down.

To see them gaze upon the flag that now was in the mire,
They looked like Mickey Free, a Massy or sham squire.
They'll have to leave old Ireland, no more to curse her
soil,

For sword and gun take pick and spade and live by honest
toil.

Rick Burke and Captain Kelly, Father Crowley and
O'Shea,
Drove the English hirelings from Cork to Bantry Bay.

And when their bullets all were spent with bayonet at the
foe they went,
Cheering loud to chill their hearts, "From Chicago we
were sent!"
Now, Burke told Kelly, "Clear the way and drive the
toadies to the bay!"
Kelly shouted back with might, "Burke and Shea, keep up
the fight!"
The Saxon foe was kept at bay, 'twas done by Kelly,
Burke and Shea.

KILLARNEY.

I left Glengariff's lovely vale and rugged sons so
brawny,
O'Sullivan drove the coach-and-four that took me to
Killarney;
Doctor Powell and stately wife were in the caravan
As we passed by old "Slievnagoil," the home of chief and
clan;
"Cromwell's Bridge" we saw that day, an antique granite
arch,
The "Forests" and the craggy brakes where he applied
the torch;
The lake down in the valley, the wild deer and the doe,
The ruined halls of bygone days where chieftains were
laid low.
O'Sullivan's and McSwiney's homes and ruined castle
walls,
We saw along the route that day, all caused by Saxon
laws,

For Cromwell's soldiers plundered us with carbine and torch

And spread but desolation along their blood-stained march.

As we went up the incline we saw down in the glen
The place where Michael Doheny was outlawed with his men;

From there he sailed away to France despite a "Lordly mien";

Love of Ireland was his crime and hate for England's Queen.

Philip "Brave" O'Sullivan of Bantry and of Beare,
Yourself and bold McGeohegan the English once did scare,

And held the "Fort" where forty men, ignoring Don Juan,
Kept the English all at bay, McGeohegan in the van;
He tried to reach the "Magazine," his blood flowing fast away,

But lost his life for Fatherland and famed Glengariff's Bay.

With heavy heart I gazed that day with bloodhounds on the track,

And oft you'd hear in Cromwell's days the howling of his pack.

To travel o'er these mountain scenes from Glengariff to Kenmare,

The "Priest's Leap" and the tunnel, none with them can compare;

When the "Peep-o'-Day" and "White Boys" and men of ninety-eight,

With crude and ancient weapons defied the King and
State.

Though their beds were on the heather they kept the foe
at bay,

And some are eager as of yore preparing for the fray ;
The rugged sons of Kerry, of Beare and famed Bantry,
No rest can get by day or night till Ireland is free.

Now as we reached the Kerry line, its barren rocks and
brakes,

We see beyond us on the lea Killarney's lovely lakes ;
The Eagle's Nest and Mountain Pass now loom up in
the shade,

Dunloe's famed gap and tunnels, too, by nature there
were made.

I plucked the heather on the hill for Chester's lovely lady,
The charming wife of Doctor Powell, as gentle as a baby.
As we drove through Kenmare town, its bridge and
monastery,

I thought it was a pity that land should not be free.

When we reached famed Killarney what first met my
view

Were the boys of Pennsylvania, that gallant sculling
crew ;

Next day they won their laurels with plenty space to
spare ;

Columbia's noble emblem was floating everywhere.

O'Donoghue's castle on the lakes next day we went to
see,

The Tussacks and Muckcross, that famed old monastery.
Killarney's lakes are beautiful and none can them excel,
But they are out of Irish hands ; Killarney, fare thee well.

MAGGIE.

When first I saw her lovely face, I never will forget,
I thought of it for many a day, I'm thinking of it yet;
It haunted me through field and mead, through valley,
hill and stream,

And often in a distant clime I thought she was a dream.
Oh! could I recall those happy days that passed so swiftly
by,

When side by side we walked along beneath an azure sky.

I sought her in the evening when my daily toil was o'er,
And whispered tales of love to her and whispered more
and more.

One evening in December, while sitting by her side,
I asked her would she marry me—would she be my
bride.

'Twas then she answered with a smile, saying, "I will be
your wife,"

And I resolved to stick to her through every siege of life.

The following spring we wedded were, I've no cause to
regret,

And she, dear girl, has stuck to me, and ne'er caused me
to fret;

My life I'd freely give for her just as I would of old,
For she is dearer far to me than all this world untold.
We're married now some years and children have galore,
Five boys and two girls to grace our Brooklyn floor.

When in the Western wilds her letters give me cheer,
And make me love her more and more, my darling
Maggie dear;

It nearly breaks my heart that home I cannot stay,
Instead of wandering from her side in distant climes
away.

My daily thoughts are with my love, my treasure and my
pride,

For she is dearer far to me than all the world beside.

When my long trips are over my bark for home I steer,
The laughing voice of her I love is ringing in my ear;
The little ones close by her side, I long to see them play,
And hear them all in chorus cry, "Our father comes
to-day!"

The little ones are growing fast and mother's pets are
they,

Which makes my thoughts fly back to them when many
miles away.

SKIBBEREEN.

Even as other lands and other climes are thought of by
their own,

The Irish exile thinks of his, his native Innishowen.

He ne'er forgets his childhood days, the pattern and the
fair,

The schoolhouse and the babbling brook and happy hours
spent there.

Those happy hours I now recall spent on the village green,
Till I was forced to leave my home in dear old Skib-
bereen.



When I was in my tender years, with spirits light and gay,
The soldiers and the Peelers I saw both night and day;
They marched rough-shod o'er mountain, o'er meadow,
brook and lawn

And left their hiding places when the day began to
dawn.

You all know well how loyal they were to England's
Queen,

And that's the reason why I left my home in Skibbereen.

The scenes I witnessed in those days I never shall forget;
I've thought of them in foreign lands, I'm thinking of
them yet.

The rich were masters of the soil and made the poor be-
wail,

Which caused them from their native heath to foreign
lands set sail.

I shared their fate to emigrate from my own isle so green,
And bade farewell to home and friends in dear old Skib-
bereen.

Good men and true are living there although in slavery,
And hoping still to see the day their country will be free.
You'll find them true to homeland across the deep blue
sea,

And longing for that freedom's dawn to strike for liberty.
God speed the day, I fondly pray, beneath our flag of
green,

When I'll go back to you, my love, and dear old Skib-
bereen.

MY FRIENDS IN BANTRY.

There's a little spot in Ireland, across the deep blue sea,
Where I spent many happy days and heard sweet
Ardnalee.

The Carrydown and heath so brown you'd hear Frank
sing each day
For Patsy Stack and Jimmy Mack in famed old Bantrý
Bay.

Dan Lyons, too, sincere and true, a sportsman of great
fame,
Survey's the shore, yes, o'er and o'er, in search of foreign
game.

When he meets young O'Donovan up to the glen they
stray,
To meet the ones that they love best from famed old
Bantry Bay.

O'Sullivan, too, from near the bridge is often down the
quay,
When business hours are over in some lady's company.
He has admirers by the score and courts them all, they say,
And soon will marry one of them in famed old Bantrý
Bay.

But if perchance he went to France to visit gay Paris,
When he'd come back to Patsy Stack he'd sport the
fleur de lis
And tell the maid from whom he strayed when he went
far away,
He'd roam no more, but stay on shore in dear old Bantrý
Bay.

Some other noted celebrities in Bantry town do dwell,
They're known throughout the valley and also in the dell.
There's Nano Ryan and Mickey Brien, who live across
the way,
Who swears his horse can beat the train from Cork to
Bantry Bay.

OLD DROMORE.

One summer's day from Bantry Bay, two ladies in the
party,
From Boston town, of high renown, O'Brien and
McCarthy.
Our jaunting car wended its way by meadow, brook and
lawn,
As we drove through Conocna feigh and into Collo-
mane,
By Poul Gourm and Aughaville we went with goodly
speed,
Bold Jack O'Shea drove us that day behind his faithful
steed.
The ladies were both strangers and from Columbia's
shore,
And went with me that Sunday to visit old Dromore.

When we reached that ancient place where first I saw the
light,
The little church and schoolhouse that were my heart's
delight.

We pitched our camp right on the road and raised our
flag of green.

Despite the minions of the Crown, defiant was our
mien.

There I beheld the faces known in days gone by,
Brave men were they to do and dare and willingly would
die,

If they could free their native land, and that from shore
to shore,

The Sunday that I spoke to them at the crossroads in
Dromore.

When I stood by that rustic ditch and gazed on all around,
I thought of how my motherland by alien chains was
bound;

How my kith and kin were murdered or forced to cross
the sea,

Some of them now in luxury and some in poverty;
And when I beheld the house where first I saw the day,
The schoolhouse and the ancient church with spires so
tall and gray,

My thoughts flew back to boyhood, I was a child once
more,

As I spoke to my countrymen that Sunday at Dromore.

McCarthy brave and Cotter and young Rahilly also,
The meeting called to order, when I asked them not to go
With rents to robber landlords, the despoilers of our
race,

And told them all to pay no rent, before the Peeler's face.

This land is ours by God's own rights and that you all
know well,

That bastard spawn of Cromwell's band we'll try now to
expel.

Brave Father Burts was chairman, whom all of us adore,
That Sunday when, with my Boston friends, I spoke at
old Dromore.

We started then for Cahargh, with banners waving high
Until we reached that famed old spot, prepared to do or
die,

The homes of the McCarthys, where Chieftains once did
reign,

And Cromwell met his Waterloo in the Bishopland
campaign.

The Reverend Palmer took the chair, a Priest sincere and
true,

Who willingly would shed his blood for you, dear land,
for you;

He'd abolish landlordism, and that from shore to shore,
Such were the words he spoke that day after we left
Dromore.

Is Cariots of the Irish race, who are both low and mean,
Were doing the dirty work that day of England's King
and Queen;

The ladies from America could hardly understand
How men could stoop so low, being born in Ireland.
To see them wear the livery of a foreign King and Queen,
Who persecuted Irishmen for the wearing of the green;

These are the hirelings of the Crown, and in Ireland are
galore,

They watched me in the toilet room after I left Dromore.

Success to you, O'Donovan, and may your life be long,
We toasted you in wine that day and sang your health in
song.

Your house and festal board you gave with hospitality,
Presided over by your charming wife and interesting
family;

And when we left your domicile we left it with good will,
And directed our course for Skibbereen, down by the old
steam mill.

May God His choicest blessings on John O'Donovan pour
And always send grist to his mill from Cahargh to
Dromore.

From there we went to Schull, where the people did us
cheer,

In sight of old Fastnet Rock adjacent to Cape Clear;
I spoke to them that evening and told them what to do;
How they'd been persecuted by a hireling English crew.
When Miss O'Brien then sang about the Emerald shore
The audience loudly cheered her and called for an
encore—

When she gave them "Sailing Home" you should have
heard them roar,

Such cheering as was never heard from Sherkin to
Dromore.

Now fare you well, good people, remember one and all,
The British Lion is trembling and very soon will fall;

The Russian Bear is after him, and when they come to
blows
The Fenian boys will fall in line as everybody knows.
So keep your powder dry and sharpen well your steel,
And soon you'll have a leader like brave Owen Roe
O'Neill;
So now keep up your courage and the solemn oath you
swore,
To chase the cowardly Peelers from Cork to old Dromore.
And when that hour at last arrives, in spite of King or
Queen,
We'll pull the Union Jack beneath our Irish flag of green;
We'll have no use for Peelers nor toadies of the Crown,
We'll chase them from old Ireland and tear their colors
down;
Our own green flag will proudly wave and that
triumphantly,
So be prepared without delay to strike for liberty;
"Faugh-a-Ballagh" is our cry, and that from shore to
shore,
We'll show them soon what we can do from Belfast to
Dromore.

A VISIT TO MY NATIVE LAND.

After years of toil and trouble in that land beyond the
sea,
I revisited my native land I left in poverty,
And when I trod my native shore, her valleys and her
hills,
I thought of the marauders—the cause of all her ills—

The Peelers and the soldiers, that cursed hireling crew,
Who murdered men and women and babes and mothers
slew,
Who leveled down the cabins with blood-stained sword
and torch,
With crowbars on their shoulders they always led the
march.

What a pity that these traitors were born on the soil
Where Irishmen in slavery for bread each day do toil;
Where the purest maids throughout the earth, and that I
proudly know,
Are a credit to old Erin no matter where they go;
To think that men of Irish birth, with mothers good and
pure,
Would persecute their kith and kin and always them
allure.
Oh, mothers, when you bore them you made a great mis-
take,
For they helped to plunder you and treasure from you
take.

To see those cowardly ruffians on Sunday go to pray
With weapons shining brightly, all ready for the fray,
To shoot down babes and women, as they often did before,
When the husbands and the fathers were banished from
our shore.
O blessed God! may Thy right hand those hirelings of
the Crown
Exterminate from out our land and tear their colors
down;

They're a curse to poor old Ireland, that fair land of the
fair,
There is no other land so pure or with her can compare.

I landed on your shores just at the break of day,
I need not say I happy felt with spirits light and gay
To see the smiling faces and red and rosy glow
Of Erin's sons and daughters who in old Ireland grow.
I thought it was a pity that they should e'er be slaves
And forced to leave their native land and cross the ocean
waves.

I'd use the torch, I'd use the sword, I'd use the flames of
hell,
If I could set old Ireland free and Cromwell's breed expel.

I'm glad to find you better than when I left your shore
To cross the broad Atlantic where billows loudly roar.
When I was forced to leave you, a wanderer to roam,
Down in Rio de Janeiro, far from my native home,
I thought of you both night and day, Acushla Asthore
Machree,
And often prayed that I might live to help to make you
free.

I'm glad to see your face once more, although in slavery,
But God is good and yet will steer your future destiny.

The landlords and the bailiffs, the spawn of Cromwell's
breed,
Must leave our fertile island, from there we must them
weed.

They're worthy of no quarter, those vampires spawned in
hell,
For freedom's dawn is looming up, as they all know full
well.
The Peelers and the soldiers, the sailors and shoneens,
The land grabbers and agents, the coastguards and
gombeens
Must seek some other quarters, for here they cannot stay,
For they must leave old Ireland, and that without delay.

A VISIT TO CLONAKILTY.

On the twenty-sixth of August we went to commemorate,
To Clonakilty City, the heroes of ninety-eight.
Their memory is a balm to hearts both true and brave,
Some in their homes on Irish soil, some o'er the ocean
wave.
O'Leary and brave Saunders at the station did we meet,
With a Cead Mil-le Failtha that day they did us greet.
They showed us through that ancient town and there
were sadly seen
The graves of patriots who dearly loved the green.

Their memory still is cherished, you'll see that on the
square,
The gift of gallant Irishmen with whom none can
compare.

'Tis a credit to old Carbery and Clonakilty, too,
And showed the traitors of the green what Irishmen
can do.

In the center of the city a monument you'll see
In memory of the men who shed their blood for Irish
liberty.

It was started by Bob Saunders to outlast monarchy,
For Irishmen will ne'er be slaves, their country must be
free.

In the town hall that evening Bob Saunders took the
chair,

And told the people one and all that now they must
prepare

To deal John Bull a deadly blow just like the valiant Boer,
And drive the Peelers far away from poor old Erin's
shore.

I spoke to them that evening, and told them what to do:
To place no trust in Parliament or any hireling crew.

I told them they should win their rights and that with
shining steel,

Like the immortal Washington and brave Owen Roe
O'Neill.

A friend of mine from Boston was with me on that day,
And sweetly sang "Mavourneen" and "Sailing Down the
Bay."

The boys and girls encored her and loudly did her call;
When she sang old "Jerusalem" you'd think the house
would fall.

Though born in America she hates all Saxon laws;
Her father is an Irishman and loves the Irish cause.
She's a credit to America, a warm friend of mine,
And lately came to Paddy's land; her name it is O'Brien.

Miss Murphy sang in Irish and Father John also;
The real McCoy was also there, whom many of you
 know.
He sang the "Minstrel Boy" and also "Shandon Bells,"
You'd hear the echo on that night resounding in the dells.
The meeting then being over, we all retired to rest
In dear old Clonakilty, close by the ocean's crest.
Miss Lynch and Miss O'Brien are Irish to the core,
And lately left America to see old Erin's shore.

Now fare you well, Bob Saunders, and O'Leary true and
 tried,
I'm forced to cross the ocean and travel far and wide;
But rest assured, where'er I roam, I'll ne'er forget the
 cause,
I'm ready now just as of yore to break the Saxon laws.
So be prepared both one and all, remember what I say,
The Fenian boys are not dead yet, but waiting for the
 fray.
And when that longed-for hour arrives, in spite of king
 or queen,
The sons and daughters of the Gael will rally round the
 green.

Next day we went to Bandon behind an old staggeen,
Where the banner of King Billy once waved above the
green;
Where a Jew, a Turk or athiest through a certain gate
could go,
But where no Papist could apply in days long, long ago.
The "poor scholar" carved beneath it, I'm sure you all
know well,
"The same inscription written here is on the gates of hell."
From there we went to Rebel Cork, Miss Lynch and Miss
O'Brien,
And sailing down the River Lee they said it was the
Rhine.

They went aboard the tender that took me out to sea
To cross the broad Atlantic for the land of liberty.
Old Ireland should be proud of them, her daughters true
and brave,
Though living in America where the starry flag doth
wave;
They're worthy of being recorded among the brave and
true,
They showed their Irish brothers what Irish maids could
do.
They're both now in America, that land of liberty,
And to his will I do resign my future destiny.

SHAUN BHEE'S EVICTION.

When a stripling in Ireland one morning I saw
An eviction that was not according to law ;
I saw the last cow taken out of the barn,
And rescued by brave hearts that very same morn.
The bailiff he seized her one morning in June
While the owner was sleeping and dreaming of ruin.

I saw the cow taken at dawn of the day,
And Blakney he hastened to steal her away,
Knowing full well if Mike were around
She never would go to the Drimoleague Pound ;
So I planned the rescue and knocked on the door
Of poor Shaun Bhee's cabin, who slept on the floor.

Mike and his wife I quickly awoke,
And both followed Blakney and thus to him spoke :
"That cow is our father's !" they loudly did shout,
"If you don't let her go we will dash your brains out ;
Her milk is his medicine now in his old age,"
Then seizing the cow they flew into a rage.

One blow dealt by Mickey the bailiff laid low,
'Then he gave him another and two more I trow ;
The blood of the bailiff was thick on the field
When Mike took the cow and forced him to yield.
I witnessed all this, which was a great feat,
And proud was I that the bailiff was forced to retreat.

I first gave the signal to Mickey to start,
And told him be lively or else he'd be caught.

I ran over woodlands, o'er hills and o'er brakes,
When I think of that morning, oh, how my heart aches;
The old man lay dying on the cold cabin floor,
When I gave the alarm by blows on the door.

At last I succeeded, how sad was his moan!
But he was defiant as a king on his throne.
"Go bring back my cow! Like your father be true,
I am too feeble or I would go too;
I am ninety odd years," the old man did say,
"And have worked for the landlord by night and by day.

"Go rescue the cow, no time's to be lost,
Bring her back to me whate'er the cost."
I was then but a stripling, but remember quite well
The wails of the children resounding the dell.
The old man with vengeance then gazed on the crowd
At the door of his cabin, defiant and proud.

ON BOARD THE "CAMPANIA."

Farewell, dear native land, you're fading from my view,
Your shores I'm leaving far behind to cross the ocean
blue.

My heart is with you day and night, acushla asthore
machree,

Though I may never see again those scenes so dear to me.
Your mountains and your valleys I've strolled in days
gone by,

The blackbird and the thrush I've heard beneath your
azure sky;



The linnet and the nightingale I've heard them o'er and
o'er,
Oh, gra machree I'm leaving thee, and ne'er may see
thee more.

Though sad and lonely now I feel I've never hoped in
vain,
That I may live to see the day we'll burst your chains
in twain;
The hirelings of an alien race can never us subdue,
So come what will, through good or ill, to you I will be
true;
And though I leave your shores once more you're ever
dear to me,
And from the bounding billows I bid farewell to thee.
Your shady groves and valleys in dreams I'll wander
there,
And wish that I could stay with you, the fairest of the
fair.

Though cursed traitors tread your soil, the minions of
the Crown,
We'll sweep them yet from off our land and pull their
colors down;
The redcoats and the Peelers we'll banish as of yore,
Good-by, Cape Clear, I'm leaving you, likewise old Erin's
shore.
The Stars and Stripes are looming up, my home awaits
me there,
But you will still be dear to me, none with you can
compare.



Your sons and daughters scattered will yet revisit you,
Another look before I say "Dear native land, adieu."

Schull, Glandore and Aughdown my thoughts are now
with you,
Fond memories of the hours spent in Nine Acres and Sea-
view ;
The creamery in the valley, the cottage in the glade,
The picnic by the seaside, from me will never fade ;
The haystack and famed Baltimore, O'Driscoll's castle,
too,
Dunbeacon Bay and Durrus most enchanting to the view.
Some friends that I love dearly in Ireland do remain,
As I roll on the billows across the raging main.

Good-by, old Galleyhead, while rolling on the deep,
From the deck of the "Campania" as the sun is going to
sleep.

I ne'er again may see your shores that are so dear to me,
While ploughing through the ocean for the land of liberty.
My native home I'm leaving for my adopted land,
For I have been since childhood on New York's distant
strand.

I'm standing on the deck as the moon shines o'er the dell
In the land of Robert Emmet and Charles Stewart
Parnell.

The last glimpse of old Erin is fading from my view,
But I'll ne'er forget your hills and dales across the ocean
blue ;

Your sons are still as true as Emmet or Wolfe Tone,
And waiting for that longed-for hour to strike and claim
their own.

Oh! cruel fate, why must it be that I can not remain
In my own native land and not cross o'er the main?
Away from scenes of childhood, 'mong strangers now to
dwell,
With aching heart again I say, "My native land, fare-
well."

**A TRIBUTE TO MY BELOVED WIFE, WHO
DIED JANUARY, 8, 1899.**

I ne'er will see that face again with beaming smiles so
sweet,
Which welcomed me from far-off trips, and fondly did
me greet;
No more by brook or streamlet in happy days I ween,
And walk with her I loved so well, will I again be seen.
She was all on earth to me, my treasure, and my pride,
And would that I could see again my fondest love, my
bride.

How well do I remember when she became my wife,
A purer soul could not exist, through twenty years of life.
As years rolled on my fondness grew for her I loved so
well,
And when she died how sad I felt no tongue but mine
can tell;
But Providence decreed that parted we should be,
And to His will I do resign my future destiny.

The fondest hopes I cherish within this aching breast,
Are that her sweet spirit has flown to its celestial rest.
With all my trials and hardships, full of grief and care,
When I leave this sinful world I hope to meet her there.
In dreams I'm often with her in our once happy home,
The little ones, God bless them, for caresses to me come.

When I stood by her bedside to take a last farewell,
She looked far sweeter than of yore, the one I loved so
well;

She knew her hour had come, that hour I'll ne'er forget,
As she calmly waited to be called, I'm thinking of it yet;
Once more I kissed the precious lips of twenty years my
wife,

And then she calmly passed away and gave to God her
life.

She told me not to weep for her, but guard our children
dear,

And bring them up with tender care, to which I will
adhere.

'Tis sad to have to part with one that was so dear to me,
Who often cheered me on my way to bright prosperity;
But now all hopes are blighted, I'll see her face no more,
Until we meet above the clouds on that bright heavenly
shore.

In a sacred spot in Calvary she sleeps, no more to wake,
Where green grass grows and lilies fair I planted for her
sake.

I am longing now to see that lonely new-made grave,
To moisten it with tears of mine this aching heart doth
crave;

pite her piety,
 and low degree.
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 gone far away.
 are not half so fair,
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motherland.
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and all,
 and ball.

She is resting on the hillside calmly and serene,
And her request to me was, that it always be kept green.

Now fare thee well, my only love, I hope you're free from
care,

In heaven above where all is love there is no sorrow there.
And often in the solemn, the lone and silent night,
Methinks I hear once again the voice of my delight;
And every hour throughout this my sad and clouded life,
It bids me be calm amid the peace of starry strife.

TO IRELAND.

(On board the "Lucania," July 5, 1900.)

Ah! there you are asthore machree, most charming to
behold,

Where first I saw the light of day, beneath your green
and gold;

Your mountain peaks are now in view, your hills and
valleys fair,

Oh, there's no land throughout this world that can with
you compare!

I've thought of you in distant lands and climes far, far
away,

And often with an aching heart to God for you I'd pray.

The exile's thoughts are first of home, no matter where
he be,

And now, thank God, my native land, your shores once
more I see.



Oh! mother dear, why must it be that you are still in chains?

Your sons have fought for other lands and given their blood and brains.

You look to me just as of yore, your fields are fresh and green,

Oh! gra machree, but there you are, my first love, oh, my queen!

When first I left you, Ireland, to cross the deep blue sea,
Fond hearts were there, but now, alas! they will not welcome me.

The graveyard now contains their bones, no more I'll see their face,

And I will miss their loving kiss, also their fond embrace.
Though years have passed since last I saw your valleys and your hills,

Your glories I have ne'er forgot, your sorrows nor your ills.

Historic dear old Kerry Head, you look just as before;
The Fastnet Rock, Bull, Cow and Calf, near dear old Baltimore.

With pleasant sail we'll see Kinsale before it is high noon,

Oh! how I long to tread your shores, dear motherland, aroon;

Once more I greet you with a cheer from out the ocean's roar,

This pays me for the years I've been away from you, ashore!

A VISIT TO GOUGANE BARRA.

(Sunday, August 19, 1900.)

When first I gazed upon those scenes of fame,
My native town I reached, when from New York I came.
I heard so much of Keimaneigh, the Leap, the Whip and
Stone,
The Peep-o'-Day and White Boys and kings they did
dethrone;
The battle fought in Keimaneigh in eighteen twenty-two;
And how the gallant Michael Walsh the Yeomen did
subdue;
And how the patriots held the pass from Kealkill to
Gougane,
How mountaineer chased cavalier o'er valley, hill and
lawn.

When I beheld these ancient scenes I thought of bygone
days,
Of Doheny and Smith O'Brien when foremost in the
frays;
And how when in pursuit of them, the traitors on their
trail,
Bold Doheny gave them the slip and for New York set
sail.
Deep-valleyed Desmond I beheld most charming to the
view,
Where Munster's king once reigned supreme, defiantly
and true.
When I gazed on that valley, described as Nature's vale,
I thought of all the glories of poor old Innisfail.

And how she was in bondage despite her piety,
By cursed alien tyrants of high and low degree.
I heard my native tongue in song and prose that day
By Coakley and O'Sullivan in Gougane far away.
I'd like to know why other lands that are not half so fair,
No rents nor taxes have to pay and breathe their native
air.
But we're oppressed by foreign laws and native hirelings,
too—
The vampires of Cromwell's spawn, and to his teachings
true.

But the day yet will come when those tyrants must go,
Far away from my birthplace to England I trow ;
Such vipers and bloodhounds no more will we need,
For with musket and cannon we'll force them to yield.
Gilhooly, our chieftain, Den Downey and Co.
Will join in the combat, they're true mæn I know ;
Stack and O'Sullivan will be in the fray
To drive all the Peelers from Bantry Bay.

Whiddy Island, where chieftains once did reign,
Not far from Dunboy Castle, where Philip's hot campaign
Was waged against the Saxon, when he went torch in
hand
To reach the powder magazine and strike for motherland.
That harbor looked so picturesque, beneath the azure sky.
I thought if Wolfe Tone landed there how proudly he
could die,
Fighting for our sacred rights, our castles, lands and all,
For he would strike for liberty with ready blade and ball.

The square is now called after him in letters large I ween,
Where lately I heard minstrels sing "The Wearing of the
Green."

The peelers then dispersed the crowd and forced the
bards away,

But reinforced they came and sang the same next day.
The boys and girls surrounded them and loudly they did
yell

When they sang in the highest key, "Brave Charles
Stewart Parnell."

Costigan and Stack then formed a hollow square,
They knew it was their Spion Kop, Taboo was in the
rear.

I've traveled all over old Ireland, through meadow,
through mountain and lawn,

But I'll never forget the last Sunday I spent with my
friends in Gougane.

The gap of Dunlow, Giant's Causeway, Brighton, the
Seine or the Suir.

Are not half so enchanting to gaze on as the scenes I saw
there on my tour.

I saw many sights in my travels through Germany,
France and old Spain,

When the Saxons were routed by Sarsfield, when he had
to cross over the main.

The boys and girls were boating, while the old folk in
monastery prayed,

And their echoes resounded the valley when they cheered
for Paul Kruger's Brigade.

O'Sullivan sang in the Gaelic, the dark clouds passed
quickly away,
At Cronin's Hotel for the ladies he sang "The First
Dawn of the Day."
He sang "God Save Old Ireland" in Irish and English
also
To the matrons and maids of our party who to Gougane
that Sunday did go.

Such scenes as these loom up again, though on a distant
shore,
Where the Lee is fed from out the rocks by purling
streams galore.
The island church and ancient walls of Finbar's
Monastery,
Cronin's house where all did dine that came from Bantry.

When we drove through the main street of Bantry Bay,
With a gunboat in sight on that bright August day,
I thought then and there of immortal Wolfe Tone,
As I gazed on my birthplace my heart grew like stone
To think that the tyrant controlled my own land,
With her armed marines and recruits sword in hand,
Her peelers and sailors, the slaves of the crown;
A disgrace to famed Bantry, my dear native town.

**TO MY ESTEEMED FRIENDS OF BANTRY
BAY.**

Home of my youth, of Thee I think no matter where I
 roam,
I'll ne'er forget the friends I left in my once happy home ;
My thoughts are now of you, ashore, your hills and
 vales remind me
Of the days I spent in merriment with the friends I left
 behind me.

There's Patsy Stack and Charley Mack, Costigan and
 Canty ;
O'Sullivan, too, sincere and true, Levis and McCarthy.
Miss Kate I ween, the village queen, her sweet face oft
 reminds me
Of Bantry fair, also the square, and the friends I left
 behind me.

Although I'm in a foreign land, you're ever dear to me,
Old Ireland I will ne'er forget in the land of liberty.
There's not a day, there's not a night, but memories
 remind me,
Of the happy days I lately spent in that land I left behind
 me.

You'll find fair maids and gallant blades in dear old
 Bantry Bay,
Each evening in the twilight you'll meet them down
 the quay ;

Their rosy cheeks and winning ways in a distant clime
inspire me

To write this poem far, far from home for the friends I
left behind me.

In Whiddy Isle, my native soil, I sailed around your
coast.

In Bantry Bay one summer's day, that I can proudly
boast.

Those bright blue eyes, 'neath azure skies, of a fair-haired
girl remind me,

As we sailed that day right through the bay that I left
far behind me.

In O'Connor's yacht we boldly sailed around the Edward
crew,

Our green flag floated in the breeze, with the red, white
and blue.

The Boston ladies sweetly sang, their melodies remind
me,

Of Bantry Bay far, far away and the friends I left behind
me.

Young Lyons, bold like a knight of old, my friend sincere
and true,

Invited me most cordially to share his craft with you;
His kindness I will ne'er forget, his courtesies remind
me,

Of my native land far, far away and the friends I left
behind me.

'Tis sad to part from you asthore and leave the tyrants
rule you;
I know that on your shore there are men who are tried
and true, too;
Now, Patsy Stack, when I go back, I hope I'll married
find thee,
And settled down in Bantry Town that I left far behind
me.

Now fare you well, Tim Hurley, Jack Lyons and Patsy
Stack,
I hope to see you one and all the next time I go back.
Should you e'er come to Brooklyn Town, in Hart street
you will find me,
Four twenty-four is on the door for the friends I left
behind me.

THE MAID OF DROUMOURTNEEN.

I met her in the summer time on her own native soil
In famed Glengariff not far from Slievnagoil;
Her eyes are of azure blue and sparkingly doth shine;
As we sailed that day right through the bay the weather
it was fine.

She's a credit to her native land, my own dear isle so
green,
I'll ne'er forget when first I met the Maid of Drou-
mourtneen.

I see her walking through the street, erect, with stately
mien,

She's fresh and fair with golden hair, defiant as a queen.
She left her home when young in years and went across
the sea,

And sought a home beneath that flag—the Flag of
Liberty.

She longed to see her country home, also the village green,
Where oft she played in childhood days—the Maid of
Droumourtnen.

Once more she's in America, at home she could not stay,
The rents and taxes were too high, she had to go away.
She ne'er forgot the Emerald Isle, a patriot is she,
And willingly would give her life to set old Ireland
free.

She's one of Erin's daughters, and that I proudly ween,
Always true to Motherland, the Maid of Droumourtnen.

Though I may ne'er see her again, I'm proud to know
that she,

Contented now and happy, is in this Land of Liberty.
May fortune always smile on her through every weal and
woe,

And may she live to see the day the Saxon is laid low.

I wish that I could hear her sing "The Wearing of the
Green"

As I did in her native land—the Maid of Droumourtnen.

Fare thee well, Glengariff, Dromore and Collomane,
I left your hills and valleys when the day began to dawn ;
When I sailed from the Cove of Cork to cross the ocean
wide

The subject of my ditty was sitting by my side.

And when I left sweet Innisfail, that island in the sheen,
I heaved a sigh and bid good-by to the Maid of Drou-
mourntneen.

My thoughts are now of bygone days, Scart and Bantry
Bay,
Coleen and Schull, Crook Haven, too—in Cal-i-for-ni-a.
I hope that I will live to see, and that from shore to shore,
Our green flag wave triumphantly from Antrim to
Dromore.

'Tis there the children of the Gael would rally 'round the
green,
And she, brave girl, would cross the main—the Maid of
Droumourntneen.



JUDAS ISCARIOT SHERIDAN—THE PEELER.

In Ireland lived a hireling employed by England's king,
Who mutilated cattle and home their tails would bring
To make up soup for comrades of English nomination,
Who drank it on a Friday by special dispensation;
The turtle was not "in it" when the ox-tail went around
To satisfy the cravings of an Irish traitor hound.
They call him Sergeant Sheridan—the people on him
frown—

A disgrace to her that bore him in old Roscommon Town.

He sent the innocent to prison to gain a devil's reward,
In trying to get promotion and adding to his hoard.
His pal was an impostor, Bill Wyndham was his name,
Who to the great Lord Edward relationship doth claim.
They sent the innocent to prison for acts they ne'er com-
mitted;

Oh, God! to think that such a wretch on earth should be
permitted,
But they will reap a just reward on the great Judgment
Day,
When they'll have no chance of pardon, and little time
to pray.

His work was known in Dublin, within the Castle wall,
And those whose lives he swore away to wear a chain and
ball;

The judge was always on his side, the jury would agree
To take the oath of Sheridan 'gainst Irish liberty.
His conscience now must gnaw him, the vilest of the vile,
For he bereft fond mothers of their sons in Erin's Isle.

The brand of Cain is on his brow, his carcass is tattooed ;
'Twill not be long until he is like an animal lassoed.

This cursed wretch would cut the heart, the liver and the
spleen,

The tongues pull out and eyeballs, too, for England's
king and queen ;

And this was done in Ireland, that saintly land so fair,
By a cowardly Irish Peeler, with whom none can
compare ;

He burned hay, he burned oats, produced on Irish soil
By brawny hands, with God's own aid, who honestly doth
toil.

He maimed the beasts upon the field, the earth did
desecrate

With his foul deeds throughout the land, with Wyndham
for his mate.

There is no other nation on this earth would tolerate such
deeds

As burning hay and maiming calves and cattle in the
meads.

And Wyndham knew the foulest work that e'er could be
committed,

And this loathsome wretch unpunished go by Billy was
permitted.

This wicked wretch should meet his death upon a gallows
tree ;

His carcass then should be cut down and cast into the
sea ;

His body ne'er should lie in consecrated ground,
For of traitors and informers none like him can be found.

This ruffian is now living on fair Columbia's shore,
A disgrace to our republic now and for evermore.
He dare not stay in Ireland, for there he would be slain,
But he is in America and here he will remain.
Fitzharris was deported from this great land so free,
They sent him back to Dublin across the deep blue sea.
His crime was being an Irishman and hating English
laws,
For he refused the blood-money 'gainst Ireland's holy
cause.

ON BOARD THE "TEUTONIC."

To-day, before the sun goes down, Old Ireland's peaks
we'll see,
An exile from your shores I've been for years, "Asthore
Machree";
I'm longing now to see your vales, just as in days of
yore;
In foreign lands I ne'er forgot your fertile plains,
asthore.

CHORUS.

Sailing home, sailing home, from far across the sea;
Sailing to Old Ireland from the land of liberty.
Sailing home, sailing home, from far across the sea;
Sailing to Old Ireland from the land of liberty.

We sailed away with goodly speed and left New York
behind;
A jolly crowd we had on board, who knew no troubled
mind;

On the 26th of June, with spirits light and gay,
On board of the "Teutonic" we sailed down through the
Bay.

Right on the lee! why there is land, though miles it is
away;

Behold it now, both one and all, where first I saw the day.
I proudly hail you, Motherland, and greet you with a
smile;

The fairest nation on this earth is poor old Erin's Isle.

The historic Cove of Cork we'll see before sundown,
Haulbowline, Spike and Galley Head, and also Augha-
down;

Baltimore's famed Castle, known both far and wide,
Where, fighting for her honor, O'Driscoll's daughter died.

Toward the Bull, Cow and the Calf with steady wind we
glide,

And the Old Head of Kinsale, where Munster's Chieftain
died;

Kerry Head and mountain peaks are looming in the
shade,

Daunt's Old Rock and Fastnet, too, by Nature there were
laid.

Though now you are in bondage, your chains will yet be
broke,

Your stalwart sons and daughters will burst in twain
your yoke;

And then these alien hirelings to other lands will go,
For Irishmen will now unite and deal that longed-for
blow.

Cheer up, then, sons of Erin, Old Ireland must be free;
At last we are united in fight for liberty.
The Orange and the Green will now march hand in hand
To strike a blow for liberty in dear Old Ireland.

No bigot shall our conscience mar, nor slave instill his
fears,
While fighting for our sacred rights as Irish Volunteers.
The Orange and the Green in triumph then will wave,
And soon you'll see a monument above brave Emmet's
grave.

DEAR OLD COLLOMANE.

When I was but a boy and played upon the village green,
Where you could hear the bagpipes in happy days I ween,
The boys and girls would often go to hear the Piper
Bawn,
And many a pleasant day I spent in dear old
Collomane.

From Aughaville we often went on Sunday afternoon
To hear old Peter play the pipes—he gave us many a
tune;
His wife sat close beside him as gentle as a fawn
And told them take their partners in dear old Col-
lomane.

The boys and girls would courting go, and when the day
was o'er
With spirits gay would wend their way from thee to old
Dromore;
Some would remain at Crowley's and take a cruiskeen
laun
And not go home till morning from dear old Collomane.

"The Croppy Boy" you would hear then, and "Rising of
the Moon,"
Who dare run down old Ireland?—also the Paustin fuin.
I often heard McCarthy sing the "Colleen Bawn"
And "The Boys Are Coming Home" in dear old Col-
lomane.

By field and mead and purling stream in youthful days I
strayed,
By hill and dale through wood and vale, through heather
and through glade;
The days I spent in merriment, often until dawn,
I'll ne'er forget while life is left, in dear old Collomane.

I fancy I am often there, though in a foreign clime,
I'll ne'er forget your hills and vales and mountain peaks
sublime;
I'll ne'er forget my early days in meadow, brook and
lawn,
When I a stripling went to play in dear old Collomane.

AN IRISH GIRL.

She once lived home with parents dear before she crossed
the sea,

And with a broken heart left her own country ;

She left the little babbling brook, the cottage by the hill,
Where she first saw the light of day, which made her
heart's blood thrill.

You'll meet her on the battlefield where cannon loud doth
roar,

You'll meet her in the banquet hall far, far from Erin's
shore,

You'll meet her in the pesthouse where she goeth at her
peril ;

No danger does she fear, for she's an Irish girl.

You'll meet her in the workshop, you'll meet her in the
store,

Waiting on the customers and selling goods galore ;

You'll meet her in the kitchen and dining-room also,

Her services are sought for wherever she may go.

You'll find her a designer, an artist and typewriter,

In fact, in every walk of life you may be sure to find her.

In the schoolroom and the music-hall each day you'll see
her whirl,

Always wrapped up in her work, for she's an Irish girl.

You'll find her in the restaurant and also at the books,

She's taken for her purity, not always for her looks ;

You'll find her in the factory, working like a slave,

But true to Faith and Motherland across the ocean's
wave ;

You'll see her Sunday morning with raiment rich and rare—

There is no lady in the land but she can with compare.
When married she's contented more than a lord or earl,
Whatever cause, there's no divorce, for she's an Irish girl.

She ne'er forgets the mother that nursed her night and day,
Till she was forced to leave her home and go far, far away.
Her father dear she thinks of, too, though she was young in years,
And often when she thinks of him in silence she sheds tears.

She's noted for her modesty, for that she is well known
In England and America as well as Innishowen;
If e'er a man insults her, he'll do so at his peril,
For she would die before she'd yield, she is an Irish girl.

You'll find her in the drawing-room, with smiles she will
you greet

And Irish hospitality where'er you will her meet;
You'll find her at the organ and leader in the choir,
Instructing little children, it is her heart's desire;
You'll find her in the convent, forever there to dwell,
Leaving all her kith and kin after a long farewell;
She's a credit to her country despite the English churl,
Virtuous and faithful, for she's an Irish girl.

You'll find her in the meadow and also on the lawn,
You'll find her in the dairy when the day begins to dawn.

You'll find her in the creamery, you'll find her at the fair,
You'll find her with the milking pail, none with her can
compare.

When the boys go to court her with voices low and sweet
She treats them all with courtesy whene'er they chance
to meet.

You'll find her in South Africa, and also Mexico,
You'll always find an Irish girl, no matter where you go.

A TRIBUTE TO MAJOR JOHN M'BRIDE.

Who is he with stately mien who lately came to town,
Fearless as an eagle, with features bronzed and brown?
He fought in many a battle, but ne'er received a scar,
Though he was foremost in the fray when Kruger went
to war.

He bivouacked both night and day with comrades brave
and true,

Upon the veldt and on the hills, no fear he ever knew.
His thoughts were of his native land, he was his mother's
pride;

To-day she should feel proud of him, brave Major John
McBride!

And when he left his native hills in Mayo far away,
He prayed that he would live to see the dawn of Free-
dom's day;

He steered his bark for Africa and fought for freedom
there,

Though he would rather live at home and breathe his
native air.

When Botha raised his battle flag he rallied 'neath its
fold,
And swore that he would do or die beneath its green and
gold;
He fought beside the valiant Boer and with his laws com-
plied,
And many a Saxon felt the blows of Major John
McBride.

He fought with gallant Blake, DeWet and General Conje,
too,
At Ladysmith and Kimberley, when balls like hailstones
flew.
At Krugersdorp and Mafeking he fought the redcoats
there,
Although they numbered ten to one he drove them in
despair.
Six hundred English hirelings lay dead upon the field,
McBride's command with shot and shell forced Fighting
Bob to yield;
And once again, at Spion Kop, he to the front did ride,
And when his horse was seen to fall, on foot rushed John
McBride.

Now he is in America and ready as of yore
To strike a blow for Motherland on poor old Erin's
shore.

The Peelers or the Redcoats, of them he has no fear,
On foot or on a prancing steed, this Irish Volunteer.
He fought in foreign lands to help the gallant Boer,
When English bullets rattled and cannon loud did roar;

So Irishmen get ready, he is old Erin's pride,
And terror to the Saxon race, is Major John McBride.

And when that longed-for morn arrives, in spite of King
or Peer,
Though outlawed now, he will be there, no danger does
he fear.

The hirelings of an alien race have met him once before,
That meeting was in Africa—the next will be Glenore.
His record is well known among the brave and true,
The sons and daughters of the Gael, the faithful and the
few ;

The tears of the oppressed by him will soon be dried,
In freedom's cause he'll lead the van, brave Major John
McBride!

We have been robbed of God's own rights by a brutal,
hireling crew ;

Some are the spawn of Cromwell's breed, and some are
Irish, too.

The Dublin Fusileers good English soldiers made,
Though killed and captured on the veldt by the Irish-
Boer Brigade.

No more they'll see Fermanagh, Dundalk or Tanderagee,
They fought against the valiant Boer and Irish liberty ;
Fighting in a robber cause, those renegades all died
By blows dealt them by Irishmen like Major John
McBride.

THINKING OF HOME.

In the great Golden West I am thinking of home, the
place where I first saw the light,
The meadows and brooklets and verdure so green and
sweet smiling faces so bright;
The church and the schoolhouse, the mill-pond and bright,
rolling river close by,
When my thoughts fly to thee, over mountain and sea, my
poor heart for you oft doth sigh.

I think of the days when I oft-times strayed with the
boys and the girls so fair,
To Bantry's old town, that place of renown, where none
with her maids can compare.
God bless them, I pray, though far, far away across the
wide ocean so blue,
May the day soon be nigh when we'll conquer or die
a-fighting, Acushla, for you.

The hills and the valleys loom up in the gloom, the
meadows and murmuring streams,
Your far, far-off shore, I may ne'er see more, but you
oft will appear in my dreams.
Since the strangers have murdered and plundered our
race, and forced us to wander from home,
We shall never forget the foul deeds and the thefts, no
matter where'er we may roam.

These hirelings of hell, though a sad tale to tell, a curse
to my dear native shore,



Caused millions to go through weal and through woe and
never old Ireland see more.

The purest and dearest of Ireland's fair maids from
fathers and mothers would go,

And brothers and sisters with sad broken hearts, that in
foreign lands now are laid low.

Though sad is our fate since we should emigrate and
leave our own land far behind,

And the ivy-clad cottage that stood by the hill, their
memory's fresh in my mind.

May we yet see the day in foray or fray with an army in
dear Erin's Isle,

To banish the snakes from Killarney's fair lakes and
those who our homes would despoil.

I think of the days of my childhood always that I spent
in the land of my birth,

From the bridge by the grove where I often would rove
with my heart full of joy and of mirth.

The lodgehouse and gate, Davy Barry and Kate, Jago,
Dan Whelpley and Co.,

I shall never forget while one breath is left, no matter
where'er I may go.

THOUGHTS OF BOYHOOD DAYS.

How often, oh, how often, do I think of days gone by,
The church and little babbling brook where I knew
naught but joy;

Now in a foreign country, in dreams I'm often there,
Revisiting my childhood scenes, none with which can
compare.

The schoolhouse and the cottage that stood close by the
hill,

Where oft I played upon the green, my heart with joy
would fill.

The rough and ready warring blades to Ireland always
true,

First learned to hate the Saxon and made the tyrants few;
I grew up in those troubled days in good old sixty-eight,
Till I was forced away from home, and had to emigrate.
I swore I'd not forget the past, though in a foreign clime,
For Ireland is my native land until the end of time.

That little schoolhouse still is there and rustic church
also,

Where I spent many happy days in childhood long ago;
And though an exile far from there, across the deep blue
sea,

A hope remains within this heart old Ireland will be free.
If we could drive away from there the minions of the
Crown,

We'd raise once more above the red the Harp without
the Crown.

GOLEEN.

From Bantry Bay one August day we started rather
early,

A lady fair with golden hair helped to make up the
party.

With lightning speed our faithful steed, with Jack be-
hind the lines,

From Droumourtneen to Gabriel we passed the
Capaugh mines,

The maids and matrons looked so fair upon the village
green,

The Sunday I drove through the rain to speak at old
Goleen.

When I reached that ancient village that overlooks the
sea,

Where ruined castles yet remain in th' Isles of Carbery,
Where O'Driscolls and O'Mahoneys in former days
did reign,

Till the robbers came and plundered them from far
across the main.

That day I thought of you, Asthore, wrapped in your
emerald green,

When I told how you were plundered that Sunday at
Goleen.

It was convenient to the sea where they had pitched
their camp,

Brave men were there to do and dare, although the air
was damp.

The cowardly Peelers too were there with weapons
shining bright,

To show John Bull their loyalty in case there was a
fight.

Joan Riley stood beside them, defiant was her mien,
No shoe or stocking did she wear that Sunday at
Goleen.

The meeting called to order, the speakers they began,
Joan Riley watched the Bobbies, she was foremost in
the van,

To see her as she gazed upon the minions of the Crown,
You'd swear she was determined to pull their colors
down;

She never took her eyes from off our floating flag of
green,

The Sunday I stood on the cart and spoke at old
Goleen.

The chairman bravely spoke his mind and told them
what to do,

If they stood by one another no power could them
subdue.

No parish Priest or Curate or Parson did I see,

To raise his voice to God above for Irish liberty.

Oh, mother dear, why must it be that they could not be
seen,

The Sunday I drove forty miles to speak at old Goleen?

Your daughter from America, a credit to your shore,
Who crossed the broad Atlantic where dashing billows
 roar,
Was present at the meeting, with a sister young in
 years,
And when I spoke of you, Machree—the two of them
 in tears.
Their name is Lynch; they dearly love to wear the Irish
 green,
And both were with me on that day I spoke at old
 Goleen.

Raycroft bold, that knight of old, most manfully did
 say,
“I’m not afraid of all the kings from London to Bom-
 bay.
My kith and kin were murdered upon this sacred soil,
And I am here to strike a blow at those who would
 despoil.
They robbed and plundered us from here along to
 Droumourtneen,
So be prepared to smite them down, brave men of old
 Goleen.”

McCarthy brave, that shining light, like a warrior of
 old,
Who fought the foe with blade and ball spoke fearlessly
 and bold.
He’s a credit to his country, a patriot brave is he,
And willingly would give his life to set old Ireland free.

His record is well known and prized in Skibbereen ;
He spoke like Charles Stewart Parnell that Sunday at
Goleen.

Bold Rahilly, with youthful face, spoke manfully that
day,
He told them to unite and hold the foe at bay.
Toohig, also, spoke his mind, and that defiantly
And willingly would fall in line to strike for liberty.
In McCormack's house we refuge found—his wife the
village queen—
She treated us right royally that Sunday at Goleen.

The meeting then being over, to Crook Haven we did
go,
Across the bay, that August day, indeed we were not
slow ;
With Raycroft and McCarthy taking turns at the
wheel,
We ploughed right through the waters upon an even
keel.
Miss Lynch was on the quarterdeck, as graceful as a
queen,
As we landed on that shingled strand after we left
Goleen.

Then, when we reached McCarthy's house, his charm-
ing family
Cead mi-le failtha gave to us, adjacent to the sea ;

We sat around his festive board and toasted him in
wine,
Surrounded by him family, as we all fell in line.
With prose and song Crook Haven rang, the like I
ne'er have seen,
That Sunday I drove o'er the hills to speak at old
Goleen.

And when we steered our bark for home, with forty in
the boat,
Three cheers we gave for Motherland, despite the
coastguard's float.
As fine a crowd of Irishmen as I would wish to see,
Each ready then to strike a blow for Irish liberty.
The ladies were the bravest that ever I have seen,
Who went with me through pouring rain that Sunday
to Goleen.

Now fare you well, McCarthy, Raycroft and old Joan,
I hope when next we meet again this land will be our
own.
May every robber landlord from Cork to Donegal,
Get little rent throughout the land, and may more
tyrants fall;
May God deny them shelter in our own Isle of Green,
Long life to you, both one and all, good people of
Goleen!

A YEAR SINCE THEN.

One year has passed and gone since I was left alone,
My fondest love, my cherished hope, to heaven from
me has flown.

I miss her gentle footsteps, her voice so sweet and
mild,

With heavy heart I think of her as tender as a child.

Her picture hangs upon the wall, her music still is
there,

The keys she loved so well to touch, also the vacant
chair.

How fondly I recall to mind those happy days gone by,
I knew no care nor sorrow then, each hour I did enjoy ;
My only thought was of my love, my joy, my heart's
delight,

The sweetest soul that ever lived, an angel pure and
bright.

Her spirit sweet doth hover o'er our once happy home,
Where she as fair as e'er she was in dreams to me doth
come.

The cloud that now hangs o'er me I'll suffer for her
sake,

Though gloomy hours I've spent, since God from me
did take

The dearest one that ever lived, a mother and a wife,
Who was a treasure in herself before she gave her life
To the "Father of the Fathers" to keep her in his care,
Fully resigned to His good will, I never will despair.

UNITY.

Oh, Motherland! pray cast aside your bigotry and pride;

Sure we were born on your soil and should stand side by side.

Some may go to chapel and some the other way;

What matter when before one God we all kneel down to pray?

We know but one true God who watches o'er us all;

Then why not we united be and make the tyrants fall?

Then grasp the Orange by the hand and let us all unite

And soon we'll have our own again despite all England's might.

If we are once united, no power could us subdue,

Nor slave our conscience mar for to Ireland we'd be true;

The Green and Gold we will unfold, united we will stand,

To strike for home and liberty in dear old Ireland.

Let all go where they think is best and worship there their God,

And then we'll strike for liberty on our own native sod.

We know no sect, we know no king, but bow to God on high,

To stand by Ireland and her cause, prepared to do or die.

Let Ulster shake the brawny hand of Leinster o'er the
Boyne,
And Mayo shake with rebel Cork, all provinces entwined.
We know no south, we know no north, to Ireland we'll
be true,
No matter where we go to pray, for you, dear land, for
you.
Then brothers grasp each other's hands from the Shannon
to the Boyne,
And let your toast be unity, and freedom yet will shine.
Let pope and parson go their way, with them we have
no fight,
But strike for Ireland's holy cause, and that with all
your might.

THE SISTER OF MERCY.

She gave up friends and parents dear, the dance and
banquet hall,
And now you'll find her with the sick, where duty doth
her call;
She soothes them with her gentle voice, relieves them
of the pain,
She asks no pay for night or day, for she is all humane.
She never shirks from pestilence or plague of any kind,
But loves to help the feeble ones, she is so sweet and
mild.

She goes through all the battlefields, no danger does
she fear.

And to the dying soldiers she whispers words of cheer.

She brings relief to sick and dying, though her own life
is at stake,

And goes through all the pest-houses, God's angels in
the wake.

When a plague is epidemic, she's always in the van,
And for the stricken victims she does the best she can.

The wounded she takes care of and soothes their
aching pain,

And when they're dying in the field, with them she
does remain.

Amid the thickest of the fight, when the cannon loud
doth roar,

You'll find the Sister at her post, though shot and shell
may pour.

She never thinks of death while she is at her post,
She knows no sect, she knows no fear, you'd never hear
her boast.

She's gentle and kind-hearted, treats rich and poor the
same,

She lives within the convent walls and Mercy is her
name.

The orphans and the wayward ones, of them she will
take care,

Her trust is in her God above for him to do and dare.

She goes among the wounded and the dead upon the
field,
Her own life she would sacrifice before that she would
yield.

No more she's in the ballroom, the theater or street,
In the sickroom or the hospital each day you will her
meet.

Her dress is of the plainest, her cross and beads also,
The emblem of her faith protects, no matter where she
go.

The rich and poor respect her, they're glad to have her
call,

When e'er there's sickness in their homes she visits one
and all.

When her hard day's work is over she spends long time
in prayer,

For with the Mercy Sister no lady can compare.

She gives up all earthly pleasure of bright and happy
days,

God's angels watching o'er her while she serves him
always.

She never dwells on pleasant hours spent in her child-
hood home,

But goes wherever God doth call when his command
doth come.

The Bible is her novel, the convent is her music hall,

The medicine her wine cup where duty does her call.

To dress the wounds of many with manner sweet and
kind,

None like this noble woman in this world you will find.

ON BOARD THE "MAJESTIC"

(September 3, 1901.)

O'er foam-capped waves our gallant bark darts on be-
fore the wind,
And bears us from our motherland that we must leave
behind;
The Stars and Stripes are looming up and liberty is
there,
There is no nation on this earth with America can
compare.

CHORUS.

Sailing home, sailing home, across the deep blue sea,
Sailing to Columbia, the land of liberty;
Sailing home, sailing home, across the deep blue sea,
Sailing to Columbia, the land of liberty.

Distinguished men there are on board whom I have
met before,
Dr. Rushton, Captain Kelly and Hanley of Glenore;
Meyers famed of Toronto, a worthy man I trow,
With illustrious young Nelson and Dr. Moore also.

Soon we'll see Nantucket and Montauk Point you
know,
Sandy Hook and Bay Ridge, with Liberty aglow;
That gift of gallant Frenchmen, known both far and
wide,
From here to St. Helena, where their greatest hero
died.

You may boast about old Europe and antique scenes
galore,
Jerusalem and Palestine, Euphrates and Glandore;
But give to me the Stars and Stripes, none with them
can compare,
Columbia's noble emblem, the fairest of the fair.

CAPTURE OF LORD METHUEN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Oh! Johnnie, dear, and did you hear the news through-
out the land?

Delary captured Lord Methuen away down on the Rand.
His baggage, mules and oxen all went on the stampede,
Paul Kruger should feel proud of such a noble deed.
He fought them from the dawn of day until the sun
went down,

And captured all his aides-de-camp and minions of the
Crown.

McBride I'm sure must have been there along with
gallant Blake,

The plans were laid by Irishmen the English ranks to
break.

Oh! Johnnie, dear, keep silent, don't let the Irish know,
For they would like to see us whipped from here to
Aherlow.

Those Irish Connaught rangers have caused King Ned
to fret,

Afraid they would desert him and fight with brave
De Wet.

The Dublin Fusiliers and Inniskillen corps

No more will fight in Africa against the gallant Boer.

Miss Gonne has stopped enlisting from Cork to Belfast
town,

No more recruits King Ned can get to guard his blood-
stained Crown.

Oh! Johnnie, dear, what must we do to end this cruel
war?

I'd go down to South Africa if it were not so far.

They say McBride and Blake are there, and that keeps
me at home,

Around my own fireside at night from there I will not
roam.

Some scattered children of the Gael are fighting side
by side,

Along with brave DeLarey, De Wet and John McBride.

I wish that Cecil Rhodes, Joe Chamberlain and Co.,

Doc. Jameson and Salisbury stealing did not go.

For they have ruined our commerce and credit far and
wide,

At home in dear old England and o'er the swelling tide.

Our army now is in disgrace, Britannia rules no more,
That flag that braved a thousand years defeat has met
galore.

Those Clan-na-Gaels and Graunawales have sworn to
pull down

The Union Jack where'er they can in spite of King or
Crown.

They think the Boer's cause like their own, that both of
them are right,

I wish that we gave them Home Rule to try and keep
them quiet.

I wish that Salisbury had sense to promise them Home
Rule,

And then when peace it was proclaimed those traitors
he could fool,

Just like the promise written on Limerick's treaty
stone,

You know we stole their lands from them and claimed
them as our own.

Some people say that God is just and watches o'er us
all,

And that's the reason I'm afraid our empire will soon
fall.

You know we robbed the Irish for seven hundred
years,

And now our cause is lost to us, we have no volunteers.

A SHAMROCK FROM IRELAND.

There's a little plant that grows throughout old Erin's
Isle,

'Tis the emblem of our Fatherland and dear to the
exile.

The dearest plant in all this earth, to Irishmen a prize.

'Twas planted by St. Patrick, the Druids to civilize.

McCarthy sent it o'er the sea to fair Columbia's shore,

That pretty little sprig of green, the Shamrock from
Dromore.

He sent it in a letter and sealed it with his hand,

In memory of St. Patrick from dear old Ireland.

To me it is far dearer than the thistle or the rose,

For only in old Ireland that little emblem grows.

When I beheld its precious leaves I kissed it o'er and
o'er,

That pretty little sprig of green, the Shamrock from
Dromore.

Oh, how I love that little plant no tongue but mine can
tell,

The emblem of my native land, the shamrock of the
dell.

I wore it on St. Patrick's Day in my brand new
caubeen,

In the city of Los Angeles, in spite of king or queen.

Although it came six thousand miles, I cherish it the
more;

That pretty little sprig of green, the Shamrock from
Dromore.

Crook Haven grows that little plant, and also Skib-
bereen,

True men are there to do and dare from Bandon to
Goleen;

McCarthy and Tim Sheehy, Raycroft and Jack Shea,
Are patiently awaiting and ready for the fray,
And would defend that priceless gem 'gainst any Saxon
corps—

That pretty little sprig of green, the Shamrock from
Dromore.

'That sacred little emblem from me will never part,
In memory of St. Patrick's Day I'll wear it next my
heart.

Its three leaves will remind me of Faith and Father-
land,

And why St. Patrick planted it despite a pagan band
He planted it 'mong Irishmen where heathens were
galore,

That pretty little sprig of green, the Shamrock from
Dromore.

The daughters of old Erin that emblem too doth love,
They wear it on St. Patrick's Day, and red with green
above

In their silken, wavy hair, entwined with it is seen,
In memory of their patron saint and Erin, their loved
green.

They love their native country, and all of them adore
That pretty little sprig of green, the Shamrock from
Dromore.

A VISIT TO THE OLD FOLKS' GRAVE.

There is one spot in Ireland that's ever dear to me,
Most sacred of all other scenes that overlook the sea.
It is not far from Galley Head, known both far and
wide,
Where you can hear the ocean roar at the ebbing of
the tide.
The green grass was thick and tall when I knelt there
to pray,
Which makes it dearer far to me in foreign lands away.
To see that spot since boyhood it was my daily crave,
At last God granted me that wish—to see my parents'
grave.

One died while I was young in years on the broad At-
lantic foam,
Returning to his sick bedside in my dear native home.
My mother's spirit, too, has fled to that celestial shore
Where all will meet some future day where sorrow is
no more.
In Ardfield Graveyard both their bodies lie,
And often in the silent night my thoughts there to doth
fly.
The green grass and the shamrock above their bones
doth wave,
That place is always dear to me, my parents' Irish
grave.

Three sisters, too, were buried there when they were
young in years,
And kneeling o'er their resting place could not allay
my tears.
As I knelt there to pray for them and kith and kin
around,
I thought of how old Ireland by alien chains was
bound;
I saw the ancient castles once held by Irish chiefs,
Who fought and bled defending them and struggling
for her griefs.
The robbers came and plundered and did us all enslave,
Not far from where I planted flowers above my
parents' grave.

WHY I'M SAD.

In a city by the seaside, 'mid the happy and the gay,
'Midst the peals of joy and laughter, I would fain be
far away;
What's the matter? Once our comrade of happy by-
gone days,
You seem downcast, yes, and sullen, you were with us
once always.
You oft joined us in the evening in the ballroom and
the hall,
Tell us truly what's the matter, you don't seem your-
self at all.
Can it be there is a woman—as is often—in the case,
A smile that tells of sadness is now upon your face.



Why do you talk of sadness? Perhaps you do not
know
What it is to lose a dear one who an angel was also;
When you stroll along the valley with no one by your
side,
You will think of days you spent with her, your loved
one and your pride;
Who shared with you your troubles and tried to make
them small,
Never flinching night or morning when duty did her
call.
Yes, there was a woman, through the struggle and the
strife,
Whom I loved next to God above, for twenty years my
wife.

'Tis true I may seem sad to you and in your sports not
join,
But my thoughts were of the loved one, whose love
was always mine;
And though she's numbered with the dead, her mem'ry
still is dear,
Methinks I hear a gentle voice now ringing in my ear.
Then how could I light-hearted be or mingle in the
throng,
When I think of her, my sweet one, and of her sweetest
song?
So never ask me if there was a woman in the case,
Yes, there was a precious treasure, and none may take
her place.

MY FIRST VISIT TO GOUGANE BARRA.

We started for Gougane a goodly Sunday party,
Kelleher and Creeds and also Miss McCarty.
We left that ancient town adjacent to the bay,
To visit valleyed Desmond that pleasant summer's day.
That day will be remembered, a jolly crowd was there,
The ladies were of Irish birth with faces fresh and fair.
We drove through Main and New streets, too,
And up the hills toward Newton flew.

We journeyed on with lightning speed,
By woodland dell, by field and mead,
By crags and peaks and meadows too,
Lending enchantment to the view.
Burke Roach and wife in stately mien,
With O'Sullivan Beare, our village queen.
The ladies acted well their part,
As our cart careered due west by north.

Old Kealkill, picturesque and grand,
With Newton's cove and pearly strand;
Baulin peaks and hills so high,
Just like the sunbeams passing by.
Then through the pass we gently glide,
With mountain peaks on every side.
You'd think you saw the Rockies there,
Or Shasta's peaks high in the air.



Such scenes as these are seldom seen
By tourists anywhere I ween,
The Sunday I drove through the glen,
With ladies fair and gentlemen ;
You'd think you saw Lord Bantry there,
With all his staff I do declare.
O'Sullivan Beare looked like a queen,
The fairest on the village green.

Miss Lyons and sister, charming, too,
Sang the old songs as well as new ;
Their brother, too, did sweetly sing,
While O'Connor made the valley ring
With his elocution and warlike cry
When he recited famed Fontenoy.
O'Brien, who lately crossed the sea,
Encored and cheered him earnestly.

Farewell Gougane Barra, known both far and near,
I'd rather visit you than any English shire.
Your hills and vales and fields so green,
Cannot be equalled in the sheen ;
Your stalwart sons and maids so fair
Bring credit to you everywhere.
I wish that I could once more see
The purling streams that feed the Lee.

AN APPEAL TO IRELAND.

(Victoria and Her Son Ned.)

Oh, Ireland! Will you welcome him to your hospitable shore?

He comes now with the olive branch, as he has done before;

He knew our kith and kin were robbed of homes, of lands and all,

His mother gave us bayonets, buckshot and cannon ball.

Just think of all our people from Tyrone to Skibbereen,
Buried without coffins, though subjects of the Queen;
Dying for the want of food she took from them away,
While famine raged throughout the land from Down
to Bantry Bay.

Her deeds are well recorded 'way down on the Rand,
As well as in old Ireland with torch and blood-stained hand;

Think of the Manchester martyrs, her voice could set them free,

Their crime was love of country in fight for liberty.

Tim Cadogan, a farmer's son, the King said he should die,

For the killing of a nasty Bird, upon the gallows high;

When the gallant sons of Carbery called out for Tim's reprieve,

Ned said "The Packer" wanted blood, and Tim's life was made brief.

Just think of all the cabins that were leveled in her
reign,
And the sons and daughters of our race forced to cross
the main;
Remember forty-seven and sixty-seven, too,
How Mitchel and brave Rossa were treated for being
true.
They had to leave old Ireland, that fair land of the fair,
That Britain plundered, ravaged, with Ned prospective
heir;
Now he succeeds his mother, by whom his plans were
laid,
Oh, Erin! Will you welcome him with his blood-
stained brigade?

If you do you'll shame the memory of the men of
forty-eight,
Who fought and bled for Ireland till forced to
emigrate;
Just think of Captain Mackey, how he kept the foe at
bay,
And noble Eddie Duffy, whose life blood ebbed away
Within the walls and prison bars away from home so
dear,
With none to press his cold white hand and none to
give him cheer;
In a foul and filthy English jail they tortured him to
death,
Victoria was the reigning Queen who took away his
breath.

Oh, Erin! Are your sons so base to welcome to your shore

The rake who swore your Church was wrong now and for evermore;

The despoiler of once happy homes that he helped to pull down?

He ordered out his hirelings, the minions of the Crown,
To get rack rents for absentees to Spitalfields to go,
To spend in vile debauchery, as many of you know.

Now he throws out the bait to the sons of Garryowen,
But Ned, agra, you are too late, your tricks are too well known.

You hanged a farmer's gallant son the first week of your reign,

So Ned, avick, take my advice and with your wife remain;

The Irish girls are virtuous, that you know full well,
You found that out when there before as history will tell.

Take lessons from the past, you know you were not slow,

Except when Ireland was at stake that country well does know;

In vile debauch you spent your cash, for Ireland none to spare;

And think you'll fool them once again by starting with the fair.

The Irish are a generous race, but for you they have no
use,
You helped to rob and plunder them and heaped on
them abuse;
You sowed the seeds of discord throughout old Erin's
Isle,
When you took your anti-papist oath, the vilest of the
vile;
Perhaps you thought you'd find the Celts would look
to you for hope,
Because you went to Italy to interview the Pope.

THE IRISH VOLUNTEER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MOTHER.

"Oh, mother, dear, can it be true what I have heard
to-day?
Is Kitchener burning women down in South Africa?
And starving mothers carrying babes, no clothes to
keep them warm?
No food to eat, no place to sleep, for he has seized the
farm?"
"Alas, alas, 'tis true, my child, all nations seem afraid,
While England plies the lighted torch with her blood-
stained brigade."
"I wish I were a man, mamma. I may do something
yet,
I then would go to Africa and fight with brave De
Wet."

"Ma gra machree, ma'bouchil oge, though sad I now
rejoice

To think that I have reared a son with such a manly
voice.

A sorrowing woman I have been since your brave father
died,

But if he were alive to-day you'd be his joy and pride.
He was murdered in old Ireland by minions of the
Crown,

Defending our once happy home till Peelers pulled it
down.

Those cowardly dogs they murdered him, for they
were ten to one;

And a pike he carried, boy, from Swilly to the Bann."

"Oh, mother, come and tell me, and sit down by my
side;

That maybe in South Africa I'd join with John
McBride.

If you get me a Mauser I'll smite the tyrant low;

You know that soon I'll be sixteen, I'm not too young
to go.

You say papa was murdered by soldiers of the Queen,
When fighting in old Ireland did he wear a suit of
green?

If I get close to Kitchener—that Irish renegade—

I'll put a bullet in his brain, my plans will be well laid.

"I'll go before the captain and grasp him by the hand;
He'll send me to DeLarey, on the veldt or on the Rand.

I can swim the great Tugela, I can ride across the
plain,
I can bivouac with Botha through all his fierce
campaign.
Now, mother, give your blessing, for I vow to God on
high,
I'll go to fight with Botha, prepared to do or die;
I'll avenge the death of papa, no danger do I fear,
But I want a mother's blessing before I volunteer."

She took her darling by the hand and stroked his flaxen
hair,
And pressed him closer to her heart, saying: "Now, go,
do and dare;
You have your mother's blessing, may God's be with
you, too,
And when you fight with brave De Wet, to motherland
be true;
And when you see that blood-stained flag of England's
King and Queen,
Strike home and well for Innisfail, our native isle so
green;
Remember all the miseries by English tyrants made;
God bless you now, my only son, of death be not
afraid."

"Farewell, mamma, I'll think of you at morning, noon
and night,
'Till I return to you again, your joy and heart's delight.

A cowardly son you never reared, that now I promise
you,
I'll face the foe through shot and shell, like father I'll
be true;
And should I perish in the fray, think of the son who
died
Fighting for the gallant Boers, who was his mother's
pride,
Against the Kerry Butcher, a traitor to our land.
God grant that I may meet him soon away down on the
Rand."

THE BELLE OF INGLESIDE.

I met her in her native State,
Not many months ago,
The bloom of youth was on her face
And milk white skin of snow.
Her golden hair hung o'er her back,
And eyes were sparkling bright,
When first I met this charming girl,
My joy and heart's delight.
And though I leave her far behind
And seas may us divide,
While life is left I'll ne'er forget
The Belle of Ingleside.

How sad it is to part with one
That is so dear to me.

Through glen and vale, o'er hill
And dale and o'er life's stormy sea,
I wish her all the joys of life,
Health and wealth galore,
And long to see the face once more
Of her whom I adore.
She's fairer than the early dawn
Or sun at eventide.
The sweetest girl I ever met,
The Belle of Ingleside.

Now fare thee well my precious one,
To you I will be true,
While life remains in this poor heart
'Twill beat alone for you.
And should we never meet again,
No matter where I be,
I'll ne'er forget the happy hours
Spent in your company.
When we went through the Golden Gate
To take a carriage ride,
She looked far sweeter than the flowers—
The Belle of Ingleside.

The lilies and the daisies, and violets
In the dell
Could not compare with one so fair
The truth to you to tell.
And though she's in her tender years,
The subject of my theme,

She holds my heart both night and
Day and haunts me like a dream.
I whispered words of love to her
As we sat side by side
'Neath the sun-kissed hills of Emmery—
The Belle of Ingleside.

I know she'll not forget the past
Although far, far away.
She'll take me to her heart again
When we meet in the Bay.
And when these longing eyes see hers
Of azure blue,
She'll seem as fresh again to me,
Just as the morning dew ;
And if perchance we meet again,
My treasure and my pride,
I'll press her closer to my heart,
The Belle of Ingleside.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

These fertile plains and valleys grow the orange and
the vine,
'The fig tree and the olive, too, the blue gums and the
pine ;
This climate it surpasses all, even France and sunny
Spain,
But give to me old Erin's Isle, I ne'er may see again.

I often dream of you, asthore, your fields so fresh and
green,
Your smiling vales, your crags and peaks, the grandest
ever seen ;
The hours I spent I felt content beside your flowing
tide,
And the colleen dass I loved so well doth oft run in
my mind.

I know right well she thinks of me, though on a for-
eign shore,
Gra gal machree, ma colleen dass, I ne'er may see you
more ;
I know full well she looked for me many times in vain,
And I would give this world if we could only meet
again.

And though salt seas doth us divide, to me you're ever
dear,
Your rosy cheeks and bright blue eyes, far off as well
as near ;
My life I freely would give up if it would ever be,
'That God decreed my native land like this one should
be free.

Though this soil is rich and beautiful and fragrance
fills the air,
The snow-clad hills and mountain peaks with Erin's
can't compare ;
The daisies and primroses that blossom in the dell,
Killarney Lakes and Bantry Bay, Pacific plains excel.

ROOSEVELT'S CHARGE.

"Onward!" shouted Roosevelt with his bronzed and
rugged face,
As his steed dashed up the mountain with a sure and
steady pace.
O'Neill was close behind him, a descendant of Owen
Roe,
When a bullet in the forehead, fired from ambush, laid
him low.
"Onward! March for Santiago," Teddy Roosevelt
boldly cried,
While shot and shell flew quick around, laying com-
rades by his side.

Shafter led his gallant forces to El Caney through
the hills,
Assisted by Rough Riders dashing over dykes and rills.
When Rafferty charged through the crags our victory
seemed plain,
For we could hear the slogan, "Remember, boys, the
'Maine'!"
"See the swarthy Toral coming," Colonel Wood was
heard to say,
"With his ragged dagoes crawling from the trenches
where they lay."

In a flash as quick as lightning Roosevelt's horse was
seen to fall,
And a cry rang through the mountain, "He is dead!"—
so thought we all.

But grasping his revolver he dashed on without his
steed,
Crying out, "Come on! Come on, my boys! our coun-
try now has need
Of all who have a spark of life! Behold our comrades
slain;
Avenge them and the gallant men who perished in the
'Maine.'"

"Remember Sigbee's battleship," Brodie brave did say,
"Likewise our gallant comrades, now in Manila Bay."
A cheer for gallant Hamilton was given with a will,
And also for the Seventy-first while marching up the
hill;
And Hamilton Fish, the brave young man who fell be-
fore San Juan,
Soldiers, sailors, all of them, adored him to a man.

Old Glory now most proudly floats o'er many foreign
lands,
And planted high on Morro walls by valiant hearts
and hands.
Should Bull or Bear or Kaiser dare to trifle with our
flag
We will show quick what we can do to any blood-
stained rag.
Our sailors and our soldiers can fight on land and sea,
As they have done in Cuba to set the people free.

Roosevelt, brave Dewey, Schley and Hobson, too,
Are not afraid of monarch's power or any foreign
crew.

When Theodore is President, as he is sure to be,
With Dewey in the navy, then we'll chase them from
the sea.

Long life to Teddy Roosevelt and his gallant cavalry,
Whose blows at Santiago were struck for liberty.

CALIFORNIA'S WELCOME TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

Thrice welcome to the nation's Chief from the Golden
West I write,
From North and South, from East and West, to greet
you we unite.

We know no party, we know no clan, all hail our
Chieftain brave,

Who burst in twain the yoke and chain, and freedom
gave the slave.

He was foremost in the battle van that set the Cubans
free,

And left his home and tender babes to strike for liberty.
He's our country's choice we all know well throughout
Columbia's shore,

And we'll elect him once again as we have done before.

O'er the Sierras to our city he comes with goodly
speed,
God's angels watching in his wake, our country doth
him need;
He fears no foe, he fears no power except that One on
high,
His watchword is America and for that land would die.
His heart is full of charity for those who are oppressed;
No friend is he of tyranny, that oft he has expressed;
He knows no clan, he knows no sect, is to his country
true,
And only knows one nation's flag, our own red, white
and blue.

Cead mi-le failtha once again from Frisco's Golden
Gate,
One million voices join with mine to welcome you in
state.
Long may your life be spared to us and those you love
so dear;
While you are in the White House no danger do we
fear;
Through you we'll have a navy and gunboats soon to
spare,
And then no nation on this earth with this one can
compare.
Hip! hip! hurrah! he comes to-day, the greatest chief
of all;
Sing loud his praise and life-long days in house and
banquet hall.

CALIFORNIA.

In the land of wreaths and sunshine, out in the golden
West,
Are the homes of many exiles whom foreign laws
oppress.
You'll meet them here from Italy, from France and
sunny Spain,
From Germany and Switzerland, from far across the
main,
The Russian and the Hollander, the Swede and Norman,
too,
The sons and daughters of the Gael, to Erin always
true,
Oppressions and plutocracy, despotic laws and
monarchy,
They could not bear quite patiently, so they left home
for liberty.

The Finlander and Icelfander have followed in their
train,
The Hebrew, Greek and Polander, the rough and
rugged Dane;
The Austro-Hungarian, the Slav and Portugese,
The Belgian and the Norseman whose homes are on the
sea.
The Scotchman with his brawny hands you will find
here also,
Sometimes digging for the gold, you know he is not
slow.

The Arab from Arabia you will in the Far West find.
They could not live in their own homes so left them
far behind.

From Servia, Herzegovina, Turkey and Siam,
Macedonia and South Africa, China and Japan ;
Singapore, Hawaii, South Seas and Java, too ;
Corea, Persia, Russia, Burmah and Timbuctoo ;
Morocco, Madagascar, Madeira, the Azores,
And the dusky sons of Mexico, our friends, but once
our foes ;
Our banner now floats o'er them all, no matter who
they be,
'Twas planted by George Washington, who made this
country free.

There is no place for tyrants here, so let them dare to
come,
We have no use for absentees in this our future home ;
We have no use for kings or queens, so let them under-
stand
This is the freeman's only home from every foreign
land.
The rich and poor are equal here, thank God for
liberty ;
The West is now inhabited by those who would be
free.
All now comply with native laws, established by the
sword,
And freedom smiles on every face trusting in one God.

And should a call to arms ring, 'tis then we would
unite,
And march beneath Old Glory to fight with all our
might;
The Dutchman and the Irishman, the Scotchman and
the Dane,
The Frenchman and the Polander and the swarthy son
of Spain,
Would march beneath that banner that no power dare
assail.
With Roosevelt foremost in the van with soldiers of
the Gael,
The Hessian and the Saxon, and the Dago in the rear,
We'd sweep from off the universe, for we can do and
dare.

Let Germany with all her ships and Hoch the Kaiser,
too,
England and the Dagoes, that blood-stained hireling's
crew,
Let them come out by day or night, we'll chase them
from the sea,
With Roosevelt and brave Dewey, who fought for
liberty.
We showed John Bull what we could do 'way back in
seventy-six.
Since then we have grown older and up to all his
tricks;
Let Italy and Germany, England and Japan
Call out their forces any day, we'll lick them to a man.

And if that hour should ever come, just at the bugle's
call

The people from the nations would rally one and all.
Then all would be Americans and by that banner stand,
" 'Twas planted by George Washington throughout
this glorious land;
'Tis the emblem of our country and never will come
down,"

We place our trust in Providence, in valley, hill and
town.

Let the Britons now blockade and their piracy pursue,
We'll make them keep their hands off our own red,
white and blue.

A TRIP TO HONOLULU.

Roll on, my gallant bark, thro' foam-capped waves and
wind,

Though you bear me from fondest friends that I must
leave behind;

And now upon the boundless deep as billows 'round
me swell,

I whisper back to those I love a parting fond farewell.
It may be weeks, it may be months, ere we shall meet
again,

But I'll be true to eyes of blue on land or on the main.
So Kathleen, dear, cheer up your heart undaunted do
thou be,

I'll count the days, I'll count the hours, till I return to
thee.

CHORUS.

Sailing, sailing, on the "Siberia,"
Sailing, sailing, from San Francisco Bay;
Sailing, sailing, on the ocean crest,
Sailing, sailing, from the Golden West.

And though in distant lands I be, far, far away from
home,

My thoughts will be of you, dear heart, no matter
where I roam.

I'll keep you in my memory morning, noon and night,
Till I'll return to you again my joy and heart's delight.
It may be in Hawaii, it may be in Hong Kong,
It may be in Manila, mingling in the throng.

Blow on you winds and carry back to those I love so
well

My future hopes of brighter days in happiness to dwell.

The flying-fish and porpoise I see swimming with the
tide,

The sea-gulls and the albatross are on the ocean wide.
Though the waves are high as mountains, no danger
do we fear,

With a captain brave and jolly crew our stately ship to
steer.

The storm now is o'er, the sun is shining bright,
All hands are on the promenade, with faces smiling
bright.

We're bound for Honolulu, the land of sugar cane,
But I'll return before it's long and home with you
remain.

KING NED'S SPECIAL DISPENSATION.

Oh, Paddy did you hear the news throughout old Erin's
Isle?

Ned took the Anti-Papist Oath, the vilest of the vile.
He denounced the Pope and Cardinals, the Priests and
Bishops, too,

And swore they were idolators, a superstitious crew.
And now the Pope rewards him with a special dis-
pensation,

To eat meat on a Friday, the day of his coronation.
Sure Paddy, dear, I would not let my dog eat it at
home,
Although I got permission from the Holy Church at
Rome.

When I was in old Ireland, some thirty years ago,
To eat it on a Friday would send me down below.
But times have changed since then, avic, the Pope
prayed for the Queen,
Who murdered men and women from Tyrone to Skib-
bereen.

If I got it three times a week, I'd ask for it no more,
And never would I emigrate from poor old Erin's
shore.

Vaughan and Rampollo, Norfolk and his clan,
Care no more for old Ireland than I do for Japan.

Faith, Mike, I think it was a shame to grant the King
permission
To feed his subjects on flesh meat the day of its
omission.
Although it was no law of God, sure you and I know
well,
To eat it on that day we thought would send us
straight to hell.
And now just after mocking us, and our clergy true
and tried,
Vaughan and Rampollo the whole thing would decide.
And now throughout old Ireland the gluttons of the
Crown
Can say the King is next to God in city and in town.

God knows then, Pat, avic, machree, I would not be sur-
prised
If they made Vaughan Pope of Rome by means they
have devised.
You know by grant of Adrian against the Irish cause,
He killed and plundered all our kin, sustained by Eng-
lish laws.
If Ned could now control the Pope, to Rome he would
be true,
Och, the blood is boiling in my veins, what would poor
Ireland do?
Sure if we kept back Peter's pence and sent no more to
Rome,
You'd hear a howl from Vaughan & Co. throughout
our native home.

Sure Pat, Ned said the Pope was wrong, Lord's supper
was a lie,

The Mass was superstitious and Leo did defy.

The Pope knew all about this oath taken by King Ned,
But the feasting was postponed a bit, the King was
sick in bed.

Still from the Propaganda the dispensation came,
To eat meat on a Friday, the Pope affixed his name.
So all his Irish subjects who were loyal to the Crown,
Could feed on meat upon that day, from Cork to
County Down.

Now, Pat, what do you think of that, pray tell me if
you can,

Don't you think they insulted us right from the
Vatican?

Sure, if the Pope took such an oath against the English
Church,

They'd raise a cry throughout the land and leave us in
a lurch.

Begorra, Pat, I thought to-day this world was all a
stage,

And Priest and Pope could play their part from child-
hood to old age.

God knows, agra, we have been true to the Holy Church
of Rome,

Though England killed our kith and kin and drove us
from our home.

**ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL IRISH GIRL TAK-
ING A LAST FAREWELL OF HER AGED
MOTHER.**

(Scene: Bantry, August, 1901.)

One day in dear old Ireland, I never shall forget,
My heart was filled with sadness, my eyes with tears
 were wet,
As I saw the gray-haired mother taking a last farewell,
And press the child close to her heart, a sad tale 'tis to
 tell.
She knew that she would ne'er again her loving child
 embrace,
For she was going across the sea with thousands of
 her race,
And forced to leave her home by cursed alien laws,
But true to faith and motherland and Ireland's holy
 cause.

I saw the mother in a swoon as the daughter went
 away.
She gave a long and anxious look at dear old Bantry
 Bay,
"Slaun lat," said she, "Acushla asthore machree,
My blessing go along with you to your new country.
Think of your father in his grave, beside him I'll soon
 be.
How sad it is that you must go across the deep blue
 sea.



Farewell, farewell, once more my child, I'll ne'er see
you again,
For you are leaving kith and kin to dwell across the
main.

"Oh, would that I could keep you now, in my declining
years,
How peacefully I'd close my eyes and wipe away my
tears,
But foul oppression forces you to leave your mother
dear,
That's robbed us of God-given rights and homes once
happy here.
'Tis sad to part with you, asthore, or one so good and
pure,
But for old Erin and her cause my troubles I'll endure.
My daily prayers shall be for you while on the raging
deep,
Think of your mother dear who oft for you will weep."

This scene I witnessed lately in famed old Bantry Bay,
One morning as I took a stroll along the pier and quay,
To see the gray-haired mother her tears flowed fast
and free,
For the daughter who was leaving for the land of liberty.
The blood was boiling in my veins while gazing on the
scene,
To see my sister of the Gael leaving our isle of green.
I saw out in the harbor, the English craft and crew,
That forced the children of the Gael to cross the ocean
blue.

For they protect the robbers who stole our land away,
Which caused us all to leave our homes far, far from
Bantry Bay.

Oh, cruel alien hirelings, traitors to your soil,
For you were bred on Irish earth and in slavery doth
toil,

You're the cause of Erin's loved ones being forced to
emigrate.

But soon, thank God, we'll take our stand and you
exterminate,

The sons and daughters of the Gael will then at home
remain,

For we will strike for liberty and freedom will obtain.

May the mothers' cry for vengeance 'gainst cursed
English laws

Be heard throughout old Ireland for freedom's holy
cause;

May the grabber and the agents and soldiers of the
crown,

Get little rest by day or night and meet with scowl and
frown;

May emigration soon be stopped throughout old Erin's
shore,

And boys and girls remain at home from Goleen to
Dromore;

May the mother's tears avenged soon be for her who
sailed away

And bid farewell to home and friends in dear old
Bantry Bay.

GLENGARIFF'S LOVELY BAY.

There is one spot in Ireland that's ever dear to me,
Beside that ancient castle that overlooks the sea,
Its antique walls and buttresses were built in days
gone by,
By the robbers and marauders who did our homes
destroy.
They robbed us of our priceless art we cherished night
and day.
With torch in hand a ruthless band destroyed Glen-
gariff's lovely Bay.

The tall oak and arbutus, the willow and the pine,
The hemlock and the hazel you'll see them all entwine;
The primrose and the daisy bedeck the village green,
The blackbird and the thrush and goldfinch too I ween,
Their notes you'd hear re-echo anear or far away,
There is no place throughout the earth like Glengariff's
lovely Bay.

The boys and girls are beautiful and none can them
excel,
At Hotel Roach you'll find fair maids, the fairest in the
dell:
Miss Lottie is the pride and lily of the vale,
A credit to her native land, my darling Innisfail.
The Misses Roach are charming girls, that I can
proudly say,
They'll always greet you with a smile in Glengariff's
lovely Bay.

At Vickery's and Roach's, in the Glen or in the Bay,
You'll find no place to equal them, anear or far away;
Miss Lannan and Miss Collins are as fair as I have
seen

In Bantry or Glengariff or Paris, too, I ween.
The hours I spent in Glen and Vale, I think of night
and day,
And long to gaze once more upon Glengariff's lovely
Bay.

Now often in the stilly night my thoughts fly back to
you,
Where the sun-kissed hills and meadows green are
moistened with your dew.
The tourists who have seen your vales, claim none can
you excel,
Your mountain peaks and purling streams that mur-
mur in the dell;
I've heard the echo in the Glen one pleasant summer
day,
Farewell, farewell, ashore machree, Glengariff's lovely
Bay.

Your shady groves and valleys are ever dear to me,
Your scenery surpasses the Shannon or the Lee.
The lilies and the violets and ivy green also,
Lend enchantment to the view no matter where you go.
You're the dearest spot on Irish soil; in foreign lands
away
Wearily I long to see Glengariff's lovely Bay.

Now fare you well, Glengariff, acushla asthore
machree,
I'll ne'er forget your beauties in this land of liberty.
Although I'm in a foreign land, you'll find no change
in me,
'Though I may never see you I'll keep you in memory.
You're dearer far to me than Killarney or Lough Rea,
So let us weed out Cromwell's breed from Glengariff's
lovely Bay.

MY SECOND VISIT TO GOUGAN BARRA.

By crags and peaks and idyllic scenes we journeyed on
our way,
From Kealkill to Gougan along with Jack O'Shea;
The rain came like an avalanche and oh, how it did
pour,
As we drove through the pass that day in sight of
Counmore.
We went through famed Keimaneigh, that old historic
place,
Where the yeomen met their Waterloo and King
George did disgrace,
Where the brawny sons of Kealkill, Snave and Braur-
lin, too,
Fought the minions of the Crown when shot like hail-
stones flew.

We journeyed on through pouring rain, no danger did
we fear,
And when we reached the monastery we got a hearty
cheer.
Deep-valleyed Desmond looked so grand and lovely to
behold,
Where Munster's king once reigned supreme, defiantly
and bold.
The sources of the River Lee were murmuring in the
vale,
That sacred spot that's ne'er forgot in dear old Innis-
fail.
To see the little island church in Fin Bar's Monastery,
And the purling streams rush down the rocks that fed
the River Lee.

After visiting that ancient place we steered our bark
for home,
The sights we saw we'll ne'er forget for many years to
come.
O'Sullivan and McCarthy, Lynch, O'Brien and Shea
Sang that evening coming home from Gougan to the
Bay:
"When the Harvest Days Are Over," then came "Dolly
Gray,"
"Mavourneen" and the "Irish Rose" and "Sailing
Down the Bay";
"Every Nation Has a Flag," that was well rendered,
too;
Also the "Starry Banner," our own red, white and blue.

The tourists of that Sunday are scattered far and wide,
Some in their homes on Irish soil, some o'er the ocean
wide;

Some now reside in Boston, down in the old Bay State,
Where the tea was pitched into the sea, the taxes being
too great.

They were a jolly company, that day I'll ne'er forget,
I've thought of it through gloomy hours, I'm thinking
of it yet.

Their songs re-echoed in the Pass as we drove from
Gougan
To Bantry Bay that August day and then to
Collomane.

THE IRISH BOER BRIGADE.

M'Bride and Blake commanded the Irish Boer Brigade,
Three thousand strong they marched along through
valley, hill and glade.

While being reviewed by Kruger, defiantly their mien,
Their watchword Faugh-a-Ballagh, the boys who wore
the green.

How anxiously they waited their ancient foe to meet,
With shrapnel, grape and cannister, equipments all
complete.

The bloody siege of Limerick, New Ross and Oulart
Hill,
Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet, that made their
heart's blood thrill,

All anxious now to meet the foe and deal him blow for
 blow,
And to avenge the bloody deeds of centuries ago.
All Limerick's treaties broken that were promised,
 written, made,
Now charge them, boys, and drive them back, brave Irish
 Boer Brigade.

Although it is on African instead of Irish soil,
Your hatred must be none the less for those who did
 despoil
Our homes and lands and sacred rites in modern ages,
 too,
And butcher men for worshipping their God above, so
 true.
This is the land of missionaries, of Bibles and of tracts,
The hypocrite of nations, who annuls God's sacred acts.

Oh, freemen of the world, behold this bloody strife,
How England tries to crush the Boer and take away
 his life.
High heaven gave him titles which no one dare assail,
And may God guide the bullets of the sons of Innisfail;
His home out of the wilderness with brawny arms he
 made,
Defend him now and God will bless the Irish Boer
 Brigade.

Remember forty-seven when famine did prevail,
From Donegal in Ulster to Sherkin and Kinsale,

How England took the food away to feed her Saxon
crew,
And let our people starve to death. Oh! millions then
they slew.
Think of the waifs and widows by barbarous England
made,
From Donegal to Skibbereen, brave Irish Boer
Brigade.

Think of the men of forty-eight and sixty-seven, too,
Bill Allen and Joe Brady, O'Brien and Duffy, too,
Pete Crowley and Will Larkin, martyrs all did die,
With gallant Michael Barrett, who did John Bull defy;
Now show the gallant Kruger the Gaels are not afraid
Of fusilier or grenadier, brave Irish Boer Brigade.

Think of the seven centuries of murder, the gallows
and the jail,
Our confiscated God-given rights to our own Innisfail;
Think of the men of ninety-eight who fought for free-
dom's cause,
On Irish soil for liberty 'gainst cursed Saxon laws.
Our clergy murdered at their shrines, when low to God
they prayed,
Avenge them now, with steady aim, brave Irish Boer
Brigade.

COMOHOLA.

One summer's day from Bantry Bay to Kealkill town
we went

To view the fields and meadows green upon our
pleasure bent.

At Comohola Hills we pitched our camp adjacent to
the road,

Where you could see up in the glen Tim Cadogan's
abode.

And brawny mountaineers with bronzed and rugged
mien,

Prepared to strike for Ireland and her glorious flag of
green.

Lynch and Cotter led the van, the Peelers in the rear,
With speech and song the valley rang by men to do
and dare.

The Reverend Father took the chair and told them one
and all,

That they should speak their native tongue from Cork
to Donegal.

The English is a foreign one: they forced us to comply
With the language of the Sassenach when our own
they did destroy.

Cotter was the next to speak, and he spoke right man-
fully—

He told how Sarsfield fought and bled for Irish liberty,
And spoke the Irish language in France with his
brigade,

At Fontenoy and Limerick and also at Belgrade.

Lynch, the teacher, also spoke and told them fall in
line

And learn to speak the Gaelic tongue from Shannon
to the Boyne.

He told them how they were plundered by an alien
hireling crew,

Who stole their books and manuscripts, but ne'er could
them subdue.

And now they must resuscitate that language so long
dead:

Here are the books, put down your names, by your
good pastor led.

O'Brien then sang old "Keimaneigh," you'd swear he,
too, was there.

The cheering and the yelling drove the Peelers to
despair.

The sergeant is a bachelor and that you all know well,
No Irish girl would marry him, the truth to you I tell.
He's a hireling of the Government that stole our tongue
away,

And doing Iscariot's dirty work from Gougane to the
Bay.

Soon he'll have to take the pick, the shovel and the hoe
And bundle up his livery and from old Ireland go.

We'll have no use for Bobbies, old Ireland must be free,
For the Gaelic is our battle cry in fight for liberty.

Long life to you brave Cotter, O'Brien and Lynch also,
That you may help to free your land and smite the
tyrant low.

May the language now in vogue by you take root in
Irish soil
And help to chase the foe away who did our homes
despoil.
May the boys and girls of Kealkill, Comohola and
Gougane
Speak Irish when they courting go from Cork to
Collomane;
May Mrs. Dowling live to hear the sweet tongue of the
Gael
On the lips of every colleen in dear old Innisfail.

WHEN PAPISTS COULD APPLY.

When freedom's cause throughout the land was in its
infancy,
And the banner of the patriots waved triumphantly,
The men who rallied 'neath its folds knew neither creed
nor fear,
But to fight for home and liberty did proudly volunteer.
When Lafayette came here from France, prepared to
do or die,
You would not hear those nasty words: "No Papists
need apply!"

When Kosciusko crossed the seas to fight for freedom's
cause,
He left his home and country, oppressed by Russian
laws,

And sought the camp of Washington with ready sword
in hand,
To help to strangle tyranny in Columbia's fair land;
The foreigner was welcome then, for freedom was his
cry,
And no such words were ever heard: "No Papists need
apply."

At Trenton and at Monmouth, the foreigners were
game;
Moll Pitcher and Ted Murphy, John Bull did promptly
tame.
Molly manned the cannon, killing tyrants by the score,
While Murphy's sure and stead aim left Fraser in his
gore.
Fitzgerald was with Washington, and proudly would
he die,
Fighting in the ranks with him when Papists could
apply.

O'Brien and his seven sons, who, history will show,
Chased the English tyrants and dealt them blow for
blow.
When war was raging in the land, they fought upon
the sea,
And captured England's man-o'-war, and swore they
would be free.
In those proud days no A. P. A.'s would join in battle
cry,
And no such words could e'er be heard: "No Papists
need apply."

When Washington was short of funds, after a long
campaign,
Philadelphia sent him succor, his soldiers to maintain;
To fight for freedom's holy cause and drive the Saxon
back,
The hirelings of King George's blood-stained, greedy
pack.
They give three cheers for liberty and Washington was
their cry,
For all of these were Papists—then Papists did apply!

Jack Barry was a sailor, well known from shore to
shore,
And made the English quake with fear when he was
commodore.
When British gold was offered him, he spurned the
same with pride;
And flung the insult back at George, for he was true
and tried.
But Barry was an Irishman, and raised aloud the cry,
How dare you say, you A. P. A., "No Papists need
apply"?

At the battle of Antietam and Gettysburg also,
That foreigners took an active part the bigots well do
know,
When the vilest reptiles of this earth to Canada did
repair,
And sought a refuge from John Bull, who kept them
in his lair.



And those who bought a substitute, with the enemy to
cope,
Now cry aloud: "Protection and save me from the
Pope!"

The scum of all the universe, the A. P. A. Brigade;
They bastardize the laws of God through valley, hill
and glade,
And desecrate the name of him, the bravest of the
brave,
Who fought to give them freedom and fills a freeman's
grave.
His memory we all cherish, and his name will never
die,
And if he were alive to-day a Papist could apply.

When our President to John Bull sent word the other
day,
"Hands off Venezuela, I command you right away!"
'Twas then the Papists' blood arose and pulses beat
with joy,
As did their famed forefathers in France at Fontenoy.
Those A. P. A.'s to cellars crawled and then did cry,
"We will not fight 'gainst England—let the Papists
now apply."

The vermin of the Orange race now trying to sow the
seed
Of discord and proscription will never here succeed.

This is the land of Washington, we glory in the same,
And every heart "beats high with pride" to hear that
hero's name.

While the beacon star of liberty shines brightly from
on high,
We'll show the Tory A. P. A. that Papists can apply.

Phil. Sheridan, the war horse, well known both far and
wide,
And every schoolboy in this land has read his famous
ride;
He fought to free the colored man and give him liberty,
He placed his trust in God above and knew no bigotry.
No slave was he to race or creed, "Susannah, don't you
cry,"
We set you free in sixty-three, for Papists did apply.

And when in old Virginia the Southerners showed their
might,
Meagher brave and Corcoran were foremost in the
fight.
They fought them in the Wildnerness with ready blade
and ball,
And many a gallant Southerner before their charge did
fall.
Though born in old Ireland, "Faugh-a-Ballah" they did
cry,
We'll show you fight both day and night, for Papists
can apply.

And should Columbia need again the men who fought
with Lee,
And those who followed Sherman "from Atlanta to the
Sea,"
The exiled sons of Erin, ah! in battle proud array,
Will march again at beat of drum, all ready for the
fray;
And when they see the Stars and Stripes—"Old Glory"
—they will cry:
"Charge, boys, and drive them back to hell! We're
Papists—we apply."

A TRIBUTE TO TIMOTHY CADOGAN.

(Murdered by a Perjured Judge and Jury on January
11, 1901, in the City of Cork.)
Tim Cadogan was a farmer's son, his lawful debts he
paid,
Of landlord or of bailiff he never was afraid.
No Bird, nor crow, nor magpie, his spirit proud could
tame,
A rough and rugged son of toil from Kerry hills he
came.
One day he went to Bantry town, 'twas in the after-
noon,
As he had often done before in winter time and June.
A Bird was winged that morning, a minion of the
Crown,
No loss was he to Bantry nor any other town.

CHORUS.

The jury found him guilty one bleak December day,
And the judge made up his mind to take his life away.
He was murdered in old Ireland, far across the sea,
One thousand men like Cadogan would set old Ireland
free.

The bloodhounds and informers baffled and at sea,
Hounded gallant Cadogan, which proved his destiny.
The Peelers in pursuit of him, no evidence could find,
Through treachery they did conspire to gain that hero's
mind.

When they took him to prison, no danger did he fear,
He knew that he was innocent, this gallant moun-
taineer.

The jury thought the same of him and some decreed
it so,

Despite the perjured evidence of Dennis and Duclo.

[CHORUS.

Another trial, the jury packed, the spawn of Cromwell's
breed,

To hang the gallant farmer's son at last they did
succeed.

The jury found him guilty, the judge's charge was vile,
With gown and wig, *à la* Norbury, a native of the soil.
And now his spirit hovers from Cork to Bantry Bay,
For Duclo and Dennis both swore his life away.

When he received his sentence disappointment did
abound

Among his friends and countrymen, who gathered all
around.

[CHORUS.

He faced the bars and prison walls like Emmet and Wolfe Tone.

Defied the judge and jury packed, from him there was no moan.

He knew that he'd be murdered as thousands were before

By Norbury and Lord O'Brien throughout old Erin's shore.

Though young in years his spirit proud, O'Brien could not break,

He tried to cheat "Norbury" and his own life take.

He knew what Wolfe Tone did when in his youth and prime,

And tried to do the same, he thought it was no crime.

[CHORUS.

Long life to Paddy Meade, his name will never die,

The judge and jury in the court he boldly did defy.

He knew the trial would be a farce presided by O'Brien,

That Judas of the Irish race from Cork to Ballyline.

Gilhooly, Flynn and Barry tried with might and main

To save the life of Cadogan, their efforts were in vain.

The judge decreed that he should die a traitor to the Crown,

No more to see his native hills, nor visit Bantry town.

[CHORUS.

The names of Dennis and his gang are loathsome now to hear.

They dare not visit Bantry, their hearts are full of fear.

The grass they tread will wither and ne'er again will
grow,
When trampled by Iscariots like Dennis and Duclo.
Now like the owl that shuns the day, when darkness
is around
They crawl out of their hiding place, where reptiles
doth abound.
May Cadogan's spirit rest in peace on that bright
heavenly shore,
Before that court above the clouds where sorrow is no
more.

FITZHARRIS.

From out an English bastile, now haggard, old and
gray—
The bravest soul 'mong Irishmen has wended forth his
way.
No ball or chain or prison food his spirit proud could
tame,
An humble man, but true as steel, from Wicklow hills
he came.
When brutal British hirelings with gold to him were
sent—
To bribe him in his prison cage, they thought he would
repent.

"Go back," said he, "to Gladstone, and let it be to-day,
And tell him I would starve to death before I would
betray.

I care not what the rest have done, to Ireland I'll be true—
And would not tell the name of one, if all of them I knew;
Inside these dismal prison walls for life I will remain
Before you will find out from me by whom these men were slain."

Through bolts and bars and prison walls defiantly he cried—
"No gold for me through treachery, your worst is now defied.
You say the rest have proven false—go back and to them tell
Fitzharris' heart could not be changed, though in a prison cell.
It may be years, it may be death, to comrades I'll be true,
Dan Curly and Joe Brady, and the gallant Fagan, too.

"Though sad it is to part with wife, with friends and children dear,
Within these dark and gloomy walls no one to give me cheer—
I'd rather die a martyr's death," defiantly his mien,
"Than for all the gold in England be a traitor to the green."
Thus spoke an humble cabman from out his prison cage,
To the castle-hacks of Dublin, which put them in a rage.

Awaiting trial, this hero lay, within the filthy jail,
Inducements great were offered him, but all of no avail—
“I’ll give you twenty thousand pounds,” the Gladstone
spy did say;
“And our great Queen’s protection from Dublin to
Bombay.”
“I spurn your golden offer—go find some English bloat,
I’d rather die a pauper first,” said gallant “Skin the
Goat.”

The jury packed within the court, agreed that he should
go,
From Liffy’s Strand and Wicklow Glens; the judge
decreed it so.
His sentence he received as cool as Emmet or Wolfe
Tone—
And stood before the English judge, like monument of
stone;
That day in Dublin Court House they sentenced him
for life;
A gallant man he still remains through every storm and
strife.

And after seventeen weary years, from out a living hell,
He comes among us once again, his “prison life” to tell.
And though old age is setting in, in his declining years
He’d face the music once again, with trusty volunteers.
A man may often wear a tattered hat and ragged coat
And still be true to Fatherland, like gallant “Skin the
Goat.”

• KRUGER'S ENEMY.

The demon of all nations, the hypocrite of creeds,
With the Bible on her lips, with the devil in her deeds,
With Lyddite fire, with poisoned lead, with bullets of
dum-dum;
Now plays her pranks in Africa to make the Boer suc-
cumb.
Not long ago the Sepoys, from the cannon's mouth she
blew,
And smoked to death were Zulus, in the caves to which
they flew.

Since the days of all the Henrys, and all the Georges,
too,
She has ravaged, plundered, murdered, in order to
subdue;
Murdered Irish mothers—murdered their babes unborn;
From kings entombed in foreign lands, their buried
jewels were torn.
Where e'er she got a foothold, she got it by the sword,
Regardless of all blood she shed, she cared but for the
gold.

She tried her hand at grabbing in Boston years ago,
When by stout hands her merchandise into the sea
did go;
But the stalwart sons of Vermont whose war-whoop
pealed aloud,
Supported by New Hampshire, defiantly and proud,

Rushed to the camp of Washington with ready blade
and ball,
And many a British buccaneer at Bunker Hill did fall.

Then England got some lessons what Americans could do
From O'Briens and O'Sullivans, with Yankee ships and
crew ;

She depended on her army to pillage, rob and loot,
And thought she could control the coast from Boston to
Duluth ;

How the "Margarette" was captured is needless now
to tell ;

By O'Brien and his seven sons the flag of England fell.

Her rapine and her butchery no more we tolerate,
The doers of such cursed deeds we will exterminate,
Throughout the land of Washington no refuge can they
seek ;

They came to Christianize us, with whispers low and
meek,

And then destroyed our commerce, for which they
dearly paid—

Some fifteen million dollars was the bargain that they
made.

Of late, they've gone to Africa to crush the gallant Boer,
With gattling gun and cannon their battery loud did
roar,

But Joubert met them face to face and fought them man
to man,

Till blood and brains flew o'er the plains, with Kruger
in the van.

Each Fusilier and Glostershire will nevermore forget
The blows dealt out by Kruger's men—they're thinking
of them yet.

O, Blessed God! may your right hand the gallant Boer
defend,
And strengthen him with heavenly aid the Saxon's head
to bend,

With shrapnell, shot and bullets, till none are left to tell
How Coldstream Guards and Queen's Blackguards be-
fore the Burghers fell;

May every red-coat ranger and foolish Fusilier
Get little rest by day or night from Kruger Musketeer.

Oh, what a gallant onward charge the Boers made that
day,

Laying low both officers and men—before they ran away.
One thousand in the trenches, dying and maimed did
groan,

All wishing they had never left their far off English
home;

Thus, England got a lesson she never got before,
Since the days of Balaklava; God bless the valiant Boer!

Defenseless babes and mothers, in Wyoming Valley lay,
Slain by English savages at early dawn of day,
While the fathers and the husbands were responding to
the call

To fight for country's liberty, their sacred homes and all;
Thus did British "civilizers" the babes and mothers slay:
With no one to defend them, their life's blood ebbed
away.

And this happened in America some hundred years ago,
'Tis in our school-books, history, to let our children know
How foully England murdered the matron, child and
maid;

And paid the Indians for the scalps; and missionaries
paid

For founding smallpox hospitals, to propagate disease—
What wonder that, for England's fall we'd pray on
bended knees?

A foul disease to scatter—when war's resources failed—
To cause an epidemic in George Washington's Brigade;
It's writ in Stewart's History of Revolution times,
In chapter four, page sixty-two, you'll find the very lines;
And later still, in Washington the Capitol she burned,
And burned Staten Island—humanity she spurned.

She thought she was in India, or out in the Soudan,
Or fighting against savages with Kitchener in the van;
This time she met her Waterloo by bullets of the Boer,
Who scattered all her "Tommy" boys, and left some in
their gore;

The Fusiliers and Grenadiers now wish they were at
home

In Spitalfields and Fordham's Flat, no more inclined
to roam.

Now the Bully of all Nations her colors must pull down,
Oom Paul will rule in Africa despite the English Crown.
The Red Cross and the Shamrock entwined henceforth
will be,

With gallant Blake and Joubert in fight for liberty;



And Lady Gonne, that lady who kept Irish youths away
From enlisting in a robber's cause, from Cork to Dublin
Bay.

Now England seeks America, with bribery in hand,
To form an alliance with so-called "Mother Land."
She has no friends in Europe, where her deeds are too
well known;

Russia, France and Germany, her friendship all disown.

Long life to Mrs. Belmont, and noble Helen Gould,
As thorough-bred Americans their names must be en-
rolled.

They showed they were no toadies, but women true and
brave,

Who willingly would give their lives, our starry flag to
save;

Their names will live in history for many years to come,
Their first thought was America, and charity at home.

LEAVING HOME, AUGUST, 1868.

Alas, alas, in foreign lands six thousand miles from home,
Thinking of my native hills in distant climes to roam,
I left your fertile plains, asthore, when I was young in
years;

And when I kissed a mother dear, she wiped away her
tears—

I left her with a broken heart, was forced to go away;
Heart and brain with care oppressed, I sailed from
Bantry Bay.

I left one Sunday morning, before the signal gun ;
'Twas there my trials, troubles and sorrows had begun.
As I sailed out of the harbor, I whispered a farewell
To the sun-kissed hills and meadows green and daisies
in the dell ;
The little birds ne'er sang so sweet as they did on that
day,
When I left home and homeland and sailed from Bantry
Bay.

As I sailed in the little craft that took me out to sea,
'Twas then I prayed to God above my country to set
free ;
There is no reason she should be in bondage all these
years,
Bleeding from her many wounds and shedding bitter
tears ;
She is as fair as other lands, and trying night and day
To raise the Green above the Red in dear old Bantry Bay.

Although out in the Great Far West, with plenty all
around,
I'd rather live in Ireland, my own dear native ground.
'Tis true there's wealth galore and plenty always there,
But give to me old Erin's Isle, none with her can com-
pare.
I know her fields are fresh and green, though she in
bondage lay,
And that's the reason I left home and sailed from Bantry
Bay.

As I roam these wild prairies and mountains of the West,
My thoughts fly o'er the billows to the land that I love
best.

Though oceans roll between us, you're ever dear to me,
I'll ne'er forget my native hills for any far country.
Your sons and daughters they are brave at home or
far away,
And always will be dear to me, far, far from Bantry Bay.

Why should the wandering Celt forget his home beyond
the sea,
The Liffey and Blackwater, the Shannon and the Lee,
Killarney and Glengariff, Avoca and Dunlow,
The Pass of Keimaneigh where yeomen were laid low?
These places are all dear to me, though very far away,
Yet still my heart flies back once more to dear old Bantry
Bay.

A VISIT TO GLENGARIFF.

(August 17, 1902.)

In August last one summer's day to the Glen my bark
did steer,
To view the fields and meads so green, no danger did I
fear.
With lightning speed O'Brien's steed that day flew like
the wind;
Each bike and horse and gallowglass he left them far
behind.

Comohola's hills and Newton, too, looked beautiful
that day;

The lads and lassies gaily decked as we left Bantry
Bay.

Miss Murphy was the village queen and stately did
appear.

As we drove through the village the people did her
cheer.

When we reached the village green the first thing met
my view

Were the boys and girls from Bantry—they were a
jolly crew.

They cycled from that ancient place that Sunday after-
noon,

And when the rain began to fall they waited for the
moon;

It came just like an avalanche and flooded glen and
vale.

That summer's day I'll ne'er forget in dear old Innisfail.
Now as we start for Bantry, with its madly flowing
tide,

The subject of my ditty was sitting by my side.

She sweetly sang "Mavourneen" and "Suwanee River,"
too,

"Must We Then Meet as Strangers?"—"My Love, Will
You Be True?"—

Mavourneen delish Eileen oge, her voice rang through
the glen;

She also sang the "Wexford Boys," "United Irishmen."

She is a charming Irish girl, graceful and serene,
A credit to old Erin's Isle, my native land so green.
Her sister and Miss Heffernan also sang that day,
And as they sang the valleys rang as we drove to the
Bay.

EASTER GREETINGS TO MY DEAR CHILDREN.

Easter greetings to you all I waft across the breeze
To where mother's love and tender care their utmost
did to please.
How sad to think that she is gone, who watched you
carefully,
And spent two years ago to-day in this hotel with me.
Think of her in the morning, think of her night and
day,
The sweetest soul that ever lived from us has passed
away.
Her memory cherish dearly, of you she did take care;
As pure as ever lived was she, an angel bright and fair.
My troubles I have borne through sunshine and
through strife,
Since God has taken her from me, a mother and a wife.
So children, dear, I beg of you, and this is all I crave,
To visit on next Easter Day your mother's lonely
grave.

**A VISIT TO MY SISTER'S GRAVE IN SAN
FRANCISCO, CAL., MARCH, 1902.**

Silently I went along to where all seemed most serene,
And the sun-kissed peaks and meadows with verdure
ever green.

All, all, was still within these walls where thousands
were at rest

Afar from home and motherland, out in the Golden
West.

My thoughts flew back to childhood days across the
ocean wide,

Where we spent many happy hours upon the green
hillside.

I thought of Erin's daughters whom England did
enslave

As I knelt by the Pacific, above my sister's grave.

On the shore of the Pacific she rests peacefully.

She left her home and country for a land of liberty.

Born beneath the English flag she scorned to live a
slave,

And left that home in tender years and crossed the
ocean wave.

'Twas sad to find her buried so far away from home.
But we are destined far and wide in foreign lands to
roam.

Grim death has taken her away, with husband true and
brave,

May peace be theirs for evermore is all that now I
crave.

ON BOARD THE "MAINE."

'Twas evening; all was still as we at anchor lay,
With thoughts of wives and little ones, down in
Havana Bay.

The pilots with their little craft were waiting for the
dawn,

The mocking-birds were singing and the dew was on
the lawn,

The sons of toil had gone to rest in that isle of
golden sheen,

"All's well on board!" the watchman cried, while gaz-
ing on the scene.

Three hundred souls we had on board, no danger did
we fear,

With a captain brave and jolly crew, our gallant ship
to steer;

But what is that? Great God above! The noise
comes from below;

Our ship's in twain, our gallant "Maine," by Weyler's
torpedo.

Hush! Hush! the noise is o'er; see them struggling
with the tide.

"Jump in! Be quick! Save all you can," the gallant
Sigsbee cried.

My God! What have they done? Behold this awful
wreck!

Our comrades dead and dying and maimed upon the
deck.

Just see that headless body drifting with the tide,
Oh, would it were in battle that gallant hero died!
Another with an arm gone is trying with might and
main
To save the comrade by his side who was by Weyler
slain.

Now Uncle Sam well knows the treachery of Spain,
And will avenge our comrades who perished in the
"Maine."
The mothers and the fathers, the wives and sisters,
too,
The brothers and the sweethearts of our noble tars so
true
Will see our starry banner o'er Cuba proudly wave,
Where the heroes of our battleship their lives so freely
gave.

May our sailors brave now rest in peace, and remember,
one and all,
They died beneath that starry flag that never feared a
ball.
Our banner now doth proudly wave, assail it if you
dare,
You cowardly dogs, now bite the dust for war we will
declare.
United now throughout the land our battle cry shall be,
"Avenge the 'Maine' in war with Spain, then Cuba
shall be free."



DEWEY, THE HERO.

After ploughing the raging billows, through spume and spray,

The Hero of Manila is now anchored in the bay.

He's the sailor of America, and Dewey is his name,
Bronzed and rugged from the sea, from Vermont hills
he came.

He entered old Manila with quick-firing gun and ball,
And many a Spanish sailor at his command did fall.

'Neath the starry flag of Washington he comes here
once again,

After freeing the Filipinos from the cruel yoke of Spain.

No Kaiser, Bear or Bull would dare Old Glory now
assail,

With Yankee tars true to our stars, and sons, too, of
the Gael,

Our sailors fought for liberty and kept the Dons at
bay;

With Dewey, Schley and Hobson foremost in the fray.

Schley and Dewey are the men whose victories on the
sea,

In Asia and America have set the people free.

They showed the Spanish navy what Americans could
do,

They know we are not afraid of any foreign crew;

'They also know our gunners never miss the mark,

Whether firing at a man-o'-war, a brigantine or bark.

Long life to Admiral Dewey, recorded let it be,
Columbia's noblest emblem, the banner of the free,
Without a stain he brought it back and proudly it doth
 wave
O'er the deck of the "Olympia" and gallant crew so
 brave.
With a soldier in the White House no power on earth
 now dare
Trifle with Old Glory or with that flag compare.

LADY MAJORIE HOWARD.

Have you heard of Lady Howard, so handsome,
 straight and tall,
A credit to her native isle, admired by one and all?
She's not like some poor toady who pulled our colors
 down
When he saw Erin's emblem, the Harp without the
 Crown.
No slave is she to royalty or England's King or Queen,
Old Ireland should be proud of her, she dearly loves
 the green.
Her heart is full of charity the people know right well;
The poor and needy call on her and praises of her tell.
How stately she appears each day with raiment rich
 and rare,
There is no lady in the land with Marjorie can compare.
Her hair is of the golden sheen, her eyes of azure blue,
Her carriage grand, her voice sublime, her lips of
 purest hue.

Her name is heard both far and wide, each time in
merited praise,
Whene'er she walks through mead or park the people
at her gaze;
They know of her good qualities, the truth to you I'll
tell,
The subject of my ditty owns the Kenwood House
Hotel.
You'll find folk there from Germany, from France and
sunny Spain,
From the golden West, Chicago, too, and from the
coast of Maine;
The hostess greets them one and all, she knows no
sect or clan,
But treats them all with courtesy, that motto is her
plan.
O'Connor from Chicago with smiles you will meet
there,
A hater of oppression, for he can do and dare.
His charming wife and daughter, like Maurice, love the
green,
They have no use for dukes or knights, nor any king
or queen.
Long life to Lady Howard and her lovely family,
May they live to comb gray locks and see old Ireland
free;
May her troubles all be very small, morning, noon and
night,
And may her children comfort her, her joy and heart's
delight.

Her name should be recorded among the brave and
true,
For she has shown America what womankind can do.
May her days be spent in happiness wherever she may
dwell,
In marble halls or palace walls or Kenwood House
Hotel.

BABY GENEVIEVE.

Away down in old Virginia, where the darkey loves to
dwell,
My thoughts are all of Genevieve, the child I love so
well.
When I go home at night she meets me at the door,
And runs to kiss me with the love her mother gave
before.
Her mother's looks and smiling face in her I can
perceive,
Whene'er I gaze upon the face of Baby Genevieve.

With a heart that's almost broken, I'll bear it for her
sake,
For she is with the angels since her God from me did
take—
My love and pride and heart's delight of happy days
gone by,
For Death's dark mantle wrapped her round and took
away my joy.

But when I see my baby's face, this heart it doth relieve,
For mother's looks were just the same as those of Genevieve.

Oh, baby, dear, how hard it was when mamma passed away,
And with the last fond look she gave this to me did say:
"Take care of Baby Genevieve, she is our youngest child,
And God will help you through life's ways"—she spoke so sweet and mild.
Your mother's words I think of now, and joyfully I perceive
Her handsome face and hazel eyes in Baby Genevieve.

ON BOARD THE "ALAMEDA."

(Sung by the Royal Quintette Club, of Honolulu.
Tune: "The Good Old Summer Time.")

Once more beneath our starry flag, the emblem of the free,

We're leaving Honolulu to cross the deep blue sea;
Here's to our gallant captain, who takes us through the main;

On board the "Alameda" we're homeward bound again.

We're homeward bound! We're homeward bound!

We're homeward bound again,

On board the "Alameda" we're homeward bound again.

And when we reach the Golden Gate in San Francisco
Bay,
We'll welcomed be in that city by lads and lassies gay;
They're waiting for our little craft, also her gallant
crew,
Who take delight both day and night to see us safely
through.
We're homeward bound! We're homeward bound!
We're homeward bound again,
On board the "Alameda" we're homeward bound
again.

And now upon the boundless deep no danger do we
fear,
In God so just we place our trust for all to us so dear.
Blow on, ye gentle breezes, blow, and drive our bark
toward home;
Despite the wars in foreign lands, in safety we may
roam,
With a captain brave and a jolly crew who takes us
through the main.
On board the "Alameda" we're homeward bound again.
We're homeward bound! We're homeward bound!
We're homeward bound again,
On board the "Alameda" we're homeward bound
again.

ON BOARD THE "MAJESTIC."

Farewell, farewell, asthore machree, we ne'er may see
you more,

For we are leaving you behind for fair Columbia's
shore.

The hirelings of an alien race have forced us from our
home,

And we must leave our kith and kin in foreign lands
to roam.

The bailiffs and the landlords, a curse to Erin's Isle,
Have caused the children of the Gael to leave their
native soil;

But though I leave you far behind, you're ever dear
to me,

And from the bounding billows I bid farewell to thee.

Another glimpse I take of you and it may be the last,
The happy days I spent with you remind me of the
past.

And though I leave your fertile shore in other lands
to dwell,

While life is left I'll ne'er forget the hours spent in the
dell;

Your shady groves and valleys, old Ireland's joy and
pride,

Shall ne'er forgotten be by me, though salt seas may
divide.

I know your sons are good and true, your daughters
pure and brave,

But foul oppression forces them to cross the ocean
wave.

Farewell, farewell, once more, asthore, oh, may you
yet be free,
Though Columbia must be our home, that land of
liberty;
We'll ne'er forget our motherland, her valleys and her
hills,
Or the robbers and marauders, the cause of all her ills;
We seek the land of Washington, the best across the
main,
And will comply with all her laws where freedom we'll
obtain.
The rich and poor are equal there, a man's a man
alway,
"Farewell, farewell, my native land," to you once more
I say.

SISTERS TWO.

I met two sisters, young in years,
Not many months ago,
One had been across the sea
The other soon to go.
They were born in old Ireland,
A place you all know well,
And lately left their native home
In foreign lands to dwell.
Their eyes are of the azure blue,
None with them can compare,
Bereft of mother in their teens
When they were free from care.

The one left home when scarce fourteen
The other then a child,
Now they're tall and handsome
With spirits undefiled.

That they're a credit to their native land
I gladly ween.
How stately they appeared to me
When on the village green.
I saw them at the pattern,
I saw them at the fair,
I saw them on the mainland
Prepared to do and dare.
'Tis sad to think that those bright eyes
Were forced to cross the sea
And leave their childhood's happy home
Through Saxon tyranny.
To see these pretty Irish girls
'Twas indeed a prize,
With their silken hair, rosy cheeks and
Expressive, bright blue eyes.

When I think of these sisters
It makes my heart feel sore,
They ne'er appeared so sweet to me
As they did at old Dromore.
That was their dear native soil,
In happy youth they played
Till they were forced to cross the deep
By laws the Saxon made.

Their father is an Irishman,
Respected far and near,
And should a call to arms come
Would gladly volunteer
To strike for home and motherland
Which Nellie and Mary
Were forced to leave with heavy hearts
And cross the deep blue sea.

A VISIT TO A DEAR FRIEND'S GRAVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

NOTE—Written for a lady whom the writer beheld kneeling over the grave of her mother. San Francisco, July 1904.

She's resting on the hillside, the dearest one to me,
And sleeps her sweetest sleep in yonder cemetery.
Fond memories of childhood days I now recall to mind;
Love like hers I know full well I ne'er again shall find.
She's gone to join the angels, her life to God she gave;
My only consolation is to strew with flowers her grave.

Oh! mother, how I miss you no tongue but mine can
tell,
For you were all on earth to me and in my heart still
dwell.
You nursed me with your tender care, with kisses soft
and sweet,
No more will you caress me, we ne'er again shall meet,
Except at that Celestial Throne where angels for us
crave,
My only consolation is my darling mother's grave.

TOM'S WEDDING.

Welcome to the golden West from your childhood's
happy home,
A mother's pride and heart's delight—no matter where
you roam.
A father's love he gave to you when in your tender
years,
And now you miss their loving kiss which would allay
yours fears.
Although you are a happy bride your thoughts will
wander there,
Those hours you spent in infancy when free from every
care.
Your heart and hand you gave to one to cherish you
through life;
He'll stick to you through weal or woe since you've
become his wife.

All hands around this festive board stand up and drink
with me.
Long life to bride and bridegroom, too, is the toast we
drink to thee.
May every joy and happiness this world can unfold
Be always found within this home and heaps of love
untold.
And though far from your native place where you first
saw the light,
And words of love were spoken which you to him did
plight,

The memory of the courting days must not be cast
aside
Since you've become the wife of Tom, his comfort and
his pride.

And when the cradle comes around, as come I hope it
will,
If one won't do, there may be two to help that cradle
fill.
It's nice to be a father, and Tom will often say,
"Rock-a-bye, my baby," singing sweetest lay,
"Since you have come to gladden us our home is now
complete,
With kisses and caresses we always will you greet.
Cead mille failtha once again I bid you welcome here.
I know full well that you will be both faithful and
sincere."

Now boys and girls a warning take and listen unto me,
Be sure to marry one you love or live in misery.
Just think of what you saw to-night, a groom and
happy bride,
A model for all youthful souls, his darling and his
pride;
Modesty is pictured in her sweet, angelic face,
I hope no other human being will ever take her place.
And what of him? He's youthful, too, with manliness
galore,
He will be true to eyes of blue and keep wolf from the
door.

The next will be the wooden one, I mean the wooden wedding,

May peace and happiness be every hour yours until the time that's pending.

Then comes the tin. May babies bright bring smiles to you galore;

And when the crystal comes around may there be half a score.

The silver, I sincerely hope, will find you just the same—

Two loving hearts that beat as true as when the wooden came.

And when the golden comes around, and come I hope it may,

May every guest that's here to-night be here on that same day.

And now before we leave this house, all you that are yet free,

I hope when next we meet again that married you will be,

And settle down for love alone whene'er you hitch for life.

'Twill carry you this world through, the struggle and the strife;

So wed for love, and not for gold, if you take my advice.

A happy home and loving heart—for gold they will suffice. Now comes the hour when we must part, but in our hearts will dwell

The pleasant hours we spent with you, God bless you both, farewell.

Now one word more about the bride before I end my theme:

She comes from good old Irish stock, no wonder she's a dream.

Her father I have known for years, to home and homeland true,

Her mother is a faithful wife and loving mother, too;
Though born 'neath the starry flag on fair Columbia's shore,

Next to the Stripes the Shamrock comes, now and for evermore.

She saw old Erin in her tears by English hirelings made,

The roof tree often in a blaze by England's vile brigade.

And now a last word before we part from round this festive board:

We care not for a king or queen or any monarch horde,
We love the emblem of the free, none with it can compare,

And, if assailed by any power, then we will do and dare.

Hip! Hip Hoorah! by night and day, beneath it we will stand.

So drink with me right heartily and toast your native land.

She is the greatest on this earth and we will her uphold,

We're not ashamed, won't be defamed her history to unfold.



**IN ANSWER TO AN INVITATION TO FATHER
LYNCH'S SILVER JUBILEE.**

(San Francisco, June, 1904.)

To go see you I do incline,
E'en though buttermilk took place of wine.
If Pluto's angels were the guests
I would go there to hear their jests.
A soggarth you are of the few
To faith and homeland always true,
And should the Apes your church assail
They'll know you came from Innisfail;
A patriot, priest and soldier, too,
To Stars and Stripes you would be true,
And should a call come o'er the sea
To strike for Irish liberty
You would be foremost in the fray,
Like Ennmet was in Dublin Bay.
I'm glad you live to celebrate
Your Jubilee in Golden Gate.
Beneath that emblem of the free—
That glorious flag of liberty.
And when to-morrow you will pray,
Think well of those who are far away;
And pray for them to crush the foe
And break the chains that bind them low.
To commemorate your Jubilee, this line
From "Rocky Mountain" Pat O'Brien.

A "SIBERIA" POEM.

(A trip to Honolulu on the S.S. "Siberia," J. T. Smith
in command, January 11, 1904.)

On board the ship "Siberia" we ploughed the raging
main,
The ladies did their very best all hands to entertain.
Mrs. MacIntosh looked stately, with her winsome, win-
ning ways
She sang and played last evening with electric lights
ablaze.
And Mrs. Holmes and Miss Grozelier, commanding was
their mien,
You'll meet them in the dining-room with smiles for all
I ween.
Next we see bold Brewster upon the promenade,
With a lady on his arm, he renders her his aid.

Next upon my threshold Parker Lyon doth appear,
With O'Shaughnessy and Lewis and genial Judge Gear;
Jermyn of the Chicago fire, who barely saved his life,
Smith was his companion in the struggle and the strife.
Cunningham came from Salt Lake, a handsome-looking
man,
He is going to Honolulu or maybe to Japan;
And now there is a youthful face distinguished far and
wide,
His name resounds throughout the land from dawn to
eventide.



Some call him Mr. London, but he likes the name of
Jack,
He's going to see Mikado at the Russian have a whack;
He represents this nation at home or anywhere,
There are no papers on this earth with his can compare,
And when he goes to Washington as secretary to Hearst,
To break the combination of the railroad and the trust,
He'll treat the Jew and Gentile and the heathen just
the same,
He's a credit to America, that man of noble fame.

There was a lady came aboard, and came quite unaware,
She came on board our gallant ship no clothes had she
to wear.
But she has gladdened mother's heart and faithful
father's, too,
She first saw light beneath that flag, our own red, white
and blue.
Oh! welcome, baby darling, and may your life be long,
We'll toast you in the banquet hall and sing of you in
song,
And now you're added to our list, though born upon
the sea,
That you may live to comb gray hairs are my cherished
hopes for thee.

Success attend our captain, and Francis Leonard, too,
The purser, freight clerk, engineer and all his gallant
crew.

They're a credit to the company, a kind word have for
all,
And should you need them day or night they're always
at your call.
Now we're bound for Honolulu on fair Columbia's
shore,
The Stars and Stripes are floating there and will for
evermore.
Judge Gear is at the helm with Roosevelt in the van,
We place our trust in God above, that motto is our
plan.

HAWAII.

In an island in the South Seas far, far away from home,
In solitude I wander there, my thoughts across the
the foam;
"Tis now I think of days gone by and scattered far and
wide
The little ones so dear to me, a mother's joy and pride.
But soon my bark for home I'll steer across the ocean
blue,
And say to famed Hawaii, "To you I bid adieu."
So here's to home and homeland across the deep blue
sea,
I wonder are there any there who still remember me.

How often in these distant isles, no tongue but mine
can tell,
The scenes I witnessed day by day all others do excel:

The warning of the craters and ebbing of the tide,
The snow upon the mountain peaks and lava flow beside,
The cave down in the valley spontaneously doth grow;
With eruptions of volcanoes their craters all aglow.
So here's to home and homeland far, far across the
main,
I wonder will they know me there when I return again.

Though I have been in foreign climes and distant lands
galore,
There's no place I love half so well as poor old Erin's
shore;
Her daughters are the purest that e'er the sun shone on,
Her sons are brave through every war, deny it if you
can.
And though they're scattered far and wide, just at the
bugle's call
They'll rally round our flag of green with ready blade
and ball.
Once more our gallant craft is ploughing through the
main,
I wonder will they know me when I return again.

To strike for home and homeland our sacred rights to gain.
United now to face the foe on land or on the main.
Too long we're slaves to English rule, her tyranny and
reign,
The hour has come to strike at last, our rights we must
obtain.

I wonder would they know me now dressed in Irish green,
Side by side with Wycherley in dear old Skibbereen.
We'll raise aloft that green old flag, our colors we'll
display,
And chase the Saxon from Dundalk to "Famed Old
Bantry Bay."

ROCKY'S BEREAVEMENT.

(Lines written on the death of Margaret A., wife of
Patrick "Rocky Mountain" O'Brien.)

BY MARY J. O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

Twenty golden years of love,
And then a night of woe!
When truest heart from fondest heart,
Reluctantly must go.
And round her couch a weeping band,
Eight children and their father, stand
To kiss her lips of snow.

"Now mourn me not as lost," she said,
"I only go before,
To wait where friendship never parts—
To wait and watch for you, dear hearts,
On heaven's happy shore!

“And build no monumental stone,
Nor darkly drape my bed,
But lay me down in robes of white,
With bloom of flowers and sunshine bright,
And waving grass o’erhead!

“Thy Kingdom come! Thy will be done!”
She sighed with failing breath.
A lovely woman fair of face,
A Christian woman strong in grace,
And not afraid of death.

The pivot of a household’s love,
Her children’s joy and guide;
Core of her husband-lover’s heart,
His comfort and his pride;
The flower and bloom of womanhood,
As mother, maid or wife,
Sighed out her fragrant spirit there,
And closed her eyes on life.

Her aged father weeps with cause
Above her silent face;
The apple of his eye she was,
And none may take her place.
Her sobbing sisters droop around
With anguish in their mien,
While far and near, and thronging come
The grieving friends and kin.

Three days and three nights,
Amid flowers and lights,
And prayers and rainfall of tears,
In a sumptuous casket of silver and mauve,
Attired as a bride, in a miniature grove
Of palms, she was waked by her love,
And the friends and acquaintance of years.

Three days and three nights! and then
The last leave-takings of death begin.
'Mid the frantic grief of friends and kin
Her placid features are prisoned in,
And the casket raised on the arms of men
Who would die to lift her to life again.

Oh! the heart-breaking moment for sorrowful friends
As the cortège was formed in the porch,
And the quick and the dead in solemnity wed
Re-entered the doors of the church.
A pause! and a doubt! Did his courage give out?
Where is Rocky? Not missing—no, never!
Noble, reverent, grave,
Handsome, open-browed, brave,
He will honor his "Maggie" forever.

No weakling in sorrow, but stalwart and proud
He followed his love on her way,
Till nearing the altar, where lowly he bowed,
And gave back to heaven the blest clay.

Then the Mass was intoned,
And the sacrifice made,
And we felt that to Godhead enthroned
The angels her spirit conveyed.

Her body lies in sacred ground in Calvary to-day,
And as she wished, the sunshine gilds
Her quiet bed of clay;
While, tented o'er from wintry blast
By wealth of hothouse flowers,
The young grass cradles on her breast
Awaiting summer showers.

Her memory lives within our hearts,
A precious thing, a balm!
To strengthen and to edify,
To magnetize; to calm!
For meditation subject sweet—
For emulation fit—
A blessed life, by Faith and Hope
And Love's pure sunshine lit.



"ROCKY MOUNTAIN"**O'BRIEN'S BEREAVEMENT.**

Mrs. Patrick A. O'Brien, wife of "Rocky Mountain" O'Brien, the well-known Irish patriot, died yesterday after a lingering illness at her home, 424 Hart street, Brooklyn Borough. Mrs. O'Brien was a tall, fine-looking woman, and was the mother of several children. The funeral will take place on Wednesday at 10 A. M., when a solemn mass of requiem will be celebrated at the Church of St. John the Baptist, Willoughby and Lewis avenues.—*N. Y. Daily News.*

Mrs. Margaret A. O'Brien, wife of Patrick O'Brien, who is well known all over the country as "Rocky Mountain" O'Brien, died at her residence, 424 Hart street, yesterday morning. Mrs. O'Brien was 38 years of age and the mother of eight children, the youngest but twenty months old. She has been married nearly nineteen years, during all of which time she lived in Brooklyn. Mrs. O'Brien was born in New York City, where she was reared, and until a year ago was a magnificent type of physical womanhood. She was a woman of much personal popularity and of a lovable disposition and will be mourned by a large circle of personal friends. The funeral services will be held Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock at the Church of St. John the Baptist, corner of Lewis and Willoughby avenues, and will be conducted by the Rev. Father Sullivan, pastor of the church. The interment will be in Calvary Cemetery. Mr. O'Brien is a commercial

traveler, and has journeyed over this continent from end to end. He also has a reputation as a poet on political and other subjects. His sobriquet of "Rocky Mountain" O'Brien was fairly earned during several seasons spent in that superb range of hills, where he is looked upon as a most intrepid hunter. He is also prominently identified with several Irish societies. His wife and he were devotedly attached to each other.—*Brooklyn Times*.

Mrs. Margaret O'Brien, wife of "Rocky Mountain" O'Brien, who died at her residence, 424 Hart street, on Sunday, was buried at 10 o'clock yesterday morning. A requiem mass was celebrated by the pastor, the Rev. Father Sullivan, of the Church of St. John the Baptist, assisted by Father Higgins as deacon and Father Leyden, sub-deacon. Within the chancel rail was the Rev. Father Crowley, of St. Ambrose, who for many years has been an intimate friend of the family. The church was crowded and the floral offerings were many and costly. The pall-bearers were Luke Dillon, the celebrated Irish Nationalist, of Philadelphia; O'Donovan Rossa, Mayor Kenny, of Harrison, N. J.; John McCann, of Manhattan; Louis Graf, George Molloy and Frank X. McCaffrey. The funeral was one of the largest that has taken place in the upper district in some years. Two barouches carried the flowers. Irish societies with which Mr. O'Brien has been identified for many years were largely represented. The interment was in Calvary Cemetery.—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

Margaret O'Brien, wife of "Rocky Mountain" O'Brien, who is famous in this country and in England as an Irish revolutionist, died at her home, 424 Hart street, Saturday, of acute gastritis, from which she suffered intensely for weeks. Mrs. O'Brien was the daughter of John Sullivan, for many years a prominent resident of the Seventh Ward, Manhattan, and for the past ten years equally as well known in the Eighteenth Ward of this borough. She was married to Patrick O'Brien twenty years ago, and was the mother of five boys and three girls, the eldest being 19 years and the youngest but 20 months old. Mrs. O'Brien was a grand type of physical womanhood and well endowed mentally. She had a large circle of friends and her neighbors showed their affection by uniting to furnish a floral tribute in her memory, to which about twenty contributed, headed by Mrs. Charles Rothschild. Mrs. O'Brien was but 38 years old, and was born in New York, July 29, 1861.

Her husband, Patrick O'Brien, secured his sobriquet "Rocky Mountain" because of his skill as a hunter in the West and to distinguish him from the other O'Briens who interested themselves with him in the movement for Irish liberation twenty years ago. He went to Pigeon Hill, in the invasion of Canada, under Captain O'Neill, and associated with him were Denis Short, Thomas Nolan and John Molloy, of this borough. Mr. O'Brien took an active part for Roosevelt in the recent campaign. .

The funeral of Mrs. O'Brien will be held to-morrow morning at the Church of St. John the Baptist, corner

of Willoughby and Lewis avenues, at 10 o'clock, when a solemn mass will be sung. The pall-bearers will all be prominent Irish Revolutionists, who knew Mrs. O'Brien, as well as her husband, and will include Luke Dillon, of Philadelphia; Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, George Molloy, Mayor William Kenny, of Harrison, N. J.; Louis Graf, Patrick Egan, ex-Minister to Chili, and Frank X. McCaffrey.

A great many letters and telegrams of condolence have been received by Mr. O'Brien since his wife's death, including one from Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa, who was a life-long friend of the deceased.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

In a letter written by Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa to her sister, giving an account of the death and funeral of Mrs. O'Brien, we read:

"It will be a shock to many friends to read the notice of Mrs. O'Brien's death. Rocky gave her a magnificent wake and funeral, and he remained on guard at her side, or around the parlors, every hour of the time. The rooms were almost filled with floral pieces from the many friends of the family, and an increasing throng of people who knew and loved her in life, passed weeping to view the remains. Many a glowing eulogy was passed in her memory, and at each new tribute of esteem paid to his darling Maggie, 'Rocky's' eye kindled and his bosom swelled. He himself paid her the grandest tribute of all, in the palpable evidence of his unaffected, adoring love of twenty years. At the High Mass of Requiem at St. John's, Miss Rosemary

Rogers sang most feelingly; not a dry eye was in the church as she played Mrs. O'Brien's favorite melody, 'Believe me, if all those endearing young charms.' Nearly one hundred carriages followed the hearse to Calvary, where all that is mortal of the late lovely and hospitable wife of 'Rocky Mountain' O'Brien was laid.

"May she rest in peace."

Mrs. O'Brien was born in Henry street, New York, thirty-eight years ago. Her father, John O'Sullivan, was born in Ross Carbery, the son of Timothy O'Sullivan and Margaret O'Donovan Rossa.

HUNDREDS AT THE OBSEQUIES.

Impressive Services for the Wife of "Rocky Mountain" O'Brien.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Margaret A. O'Brien, of 424 Hart street, wife of "Rocky Mountain" O'Brien, as he is universally known, took place yesterday. Solemn requiem high mass was celebrated in the Church of St. John the Baptist, Lewis and Willoughby avenues, by the Rev. Father Sullivan, pastor of the church, assisted by Father Higgins as deacon and Father Leyden as sub-deacon. Within the chancel rail was the Rev. Father Crowley, of St. Ambrose Church, a warm friend of the family. There were very many beautiful floral tributes, the church was crowded and

the funeral altogether was one of the largest that has been seen in the district for a long time.

The pall-bearers were Luke Dillon, of Philadelphia: Mayor Kenny, of Harrison, N. J.; O'Donovan Rossa, John McCann, of Manhattan; Louis Graf, Frank X. McCaffery, George Molloy, of Manhattan. The interment was in Calvary Cemetery.—*Brooklyn Citizen*.

A DISTINGUISHED IRISH-AMERICAN.

A Visit to His Old Home—Patrick "Rocky Mountain" O'Brien in West Cork—Interviewed by a "Star" Reporter.

Last week, hearing that the veteran patriot, "Rocky Mountain" O'Brien, was taking a short holiday in his native district, a representative of this journal, anxious to obtain his views on things Irish and American, called on the distinguished visitor at Bantry, where he is at present staying. Our representative having introduced himself, after the fashion of O'Grady in the ballad, was agreeably surprised to find Mr. O'Brien just engaged in reading the "Star," while lying on the table were the "Irish World" and O'Donovan Rossa's "United Irishman."

Mr. O'Brien is, indeed, physically and intellectually, a splendid type of Irishman, and, though now almost fifty years of age, he looks much younger—a fact which points to a robust and healthy constitution. Ever since he took his departure from the Old Land he has had an adventurous and checkered career in the greater

Ireland beyond the seas. Although only a boy when leaving his native land, his heart, like many another exiled Irishman's, always turned toward her. He longed to see her freed from the foreign yoke which was heavily oppressing her, and he never failed to give assistance—generous assistance—to any movement which tended toward the betterment of the country and the upliftment of his race. The baseness and perfidy of Irish landlordism—then in the zenith of its evil work—made impressions on his mind which are as firm to-day as when, a lad, he saw the old people in his neighborhood thrown pitilessly on the roadside, and the only cow taken for the rent! He has ever preserved and fostered, wherever he went through the great Continent, an undying love of Motherland, and an ever-increasing anxiety to see an end to the long night of slavery and oppression which she had to endure. Mr. O'Brien left Ireland on board a merchant ship, sailing from Bantry, and landed in Rio de Janeiro in 1868. After spending six months there he went on to New York, whence he went to Oregon. Having spent a few years in Oregon, he traveled extensively through California, and also in the republics of Mexico and Central America. In 1870 he took part in the Fenian raid in Canada, which, through the perfidy of Le Caron, an Englishman, resulted in a complete fiasco. Pat O'Leary, another Bantry man, and an uncle to Mr. Patrick O'Leary, solicitor, was with him at the Pigeon Hill invasion. Mr. O'Brien has traveled extensively all over America, and has in recent years paid several visits to Ireland.

Our representative having courteously expressed to Mr. O'Brien his wish to interview him, the latter laughingly replied:

"All right; drive away; ask as many questions as you like."

"Well, Mr. O'Brien," said our representative, "I know you have a good knowledge both of Ireland and America—what are your views on Irish emigration?"

"I am teetotally opposed to Irish emigration," replied Mr. O'Brien, emphatically. "I want Irish boys and girls to remain at home. It is saddening to see the country becoming depopulated as it is. It is all moonshine about people becoming rich in America—if a young man or woman can get a few pounds to send home to the old folks and keep themselves respectable, it is as much as they can do. There are too many fairy tales told about prosperity in America—those tales are mostly a hoax."

"What is the chief reason why you are opposed to emigration?" asked our representative.

"My principal reason for wishing them to remain at home," said Mr. O'Brien, "is this: That if the people continue emigrating, as they are, there will soon be no one left to fight the enemies of our race. I wish the young people to stay and try to ameliorate the wrongs inflicted on their country by robber landlords. In years gone by the money that came from Irish boys and girls in America found its way into the pockets of these vampires, who lived on the once tribal lands which were confiscated by the murdering Cromwellian soldiery, and who spent this hard-earned money in

the hells of Paris and the gambling dens of Europe. I am every day becoming more and more convinced that the people should remain at home in Ireland. It is as rich as any other land. Instead of all the money now finding its way into the pockets of the landlords, the people could keep some of it and feed and clothe themselves and educate their children better than in the past."

"How does the general condition and appearance of the country strike you at present?" queried our representative.

"On the whole, I should say favorably," replied Mr. O'Brien. "Coming across on the 'Teutonic' I had, as fellow-passengers, two Irish-American young ladies, who never saw Ireland before—Miss Gilbert and Miss Kelleher—whose parents lived in the Millstreet district. Down on the quay in Queenstown, seeing so many handsome young girls leaving their country, they were loud in their denunciation of English rule which forced the girls to become exiles from their native land. They had traveled extensively in France, Germany and other lands, and found no girls to equal the Irish for beauty and intelligence."

"How do our people in America compare with other nationalities?" asked our representative.

"The Irish people are as prosperous, and more prosperous, than any other nationality, and able to hold their own in every sphere of life. Irishmen are met on the bench, the pulpit, the stock exchange and in all the leading establishments in the principal cities of *America*. In the press the leading men are Irish. Why, in

New York nine out of every ten newspaper men are either Irish-born or Irish-American. There is one statement I want to hurl back in the teeth of the enemies of our country—a charge that has often been made—that the Irish are a drunken nation. The fact is, they drink less than other people. During my sojourn here I have not seen, either in Bantry, Cork or wherever I have traveled, a drunken man or woman. No; the Irish people are not a drunken race. Other nationalities that I have met in America drink more, and pay for less, than the Irish people. Whatever an Irishman drinks he pays for it. Other nationalities that I have known loaf and sponge around barrooms, waiting for some one to treat them, but Pat spends his own money. I have seen more drunkenness among the Scotch, Welsh, and English on their native heath in one hour than I have ever seen in Ireland. If an Irishman is treated only half decently, he can hold his own against any nationality under the sun. In America the Irish girl is noted for virtue, and the enemies of our race have to freely admit it. And now I must say that, both Protestant and Catholic, the Irish girls are the most virtuous that ever set foot on American soil. Never have the Irish girls I have met in America disgraced the mothers who bore them or the fathers they left in tears behind them.”

“You have heard the statement made that Irishmen are always envious toward each other. How do your experiences tally with that?”

“It’s a cowardly lie!” replied Mr. O’Brien. “I have heard it said that if you put one Irishman on the spit

another will turn it. Fitzharris was offered thousands if only he would turn informer of the Phoenix Park assassination, and the day he was arrested his wife didn't have the price of a loaf of bread in the house. The people refused to betray Smith O'Brien, and numerous like cases may be mentioned. They have informers in Ireland, and so have they in every other nation. America had her Benedict Arnold; France had her Dreyfus; Spain, Italy, England and Germany had their traitors. Even the gallant Boers, who are fighting twelve to one, are not without their cutthroat informers. In '76 the Catalpa Expedition rescued six Fenian prisoners from Freemantle. This expedition was organized by the Irishmen of Bedford, Massachusetts, and any one who would betray it could name his price, and get it from the Saxon Government, and yet, though numbers were in the know, the secret was kept."

"Have you met many prosperous South of Ireland men in the States?" asked our representative.

"Yes, numbers of them," said Mr. O'Brien. "Tim Coughlan, formerly of Kilcrohane, Bantry, is one of the leading Irish merchants in New York. He is a man always ready to lend a hand to a fellow-countryman in distress. The Chief of the Chicago Police is Mr. D. F. O'Neill, formerly of Tralybawn, near Bantry, and an old school-fellow of mine. Chicago is proud of him, for he has hunted her burglars, bank-robbers and thieves—in fact, since he was appointed Chicago has become too hot for law-breakers. One of the most charitable of priests

and patriotic of Irishmen is Father Denis MacCartie, of Newark, N. J. I saw him two weeks before I left, and he desired me to convey his kindest regards to his relatives and friends in West Cork. He has no peer in America. In a short time the people of West Cork will hear of his being appointed bishop of one of the largest dioceses in the States. Father Jeremiah Crowley, of Collomane, Bantry, who wore chains for his country for advocating the cause of the evicted and oppressed, is in charge of one of the leading parishes in Chicago, and has Mr. O'Neill as one of his parishioners. William McCarthy, of Skibbereen, has charge of immense stores in Washington, and another gentleman who is a credit to Skibbereen is Charles McCarthy, a leading engineer in New York. Another good Irishman from Skibbereen was the late John Howard, of New York, and his widow, though an American lady, is as Irish as was her husband."

"Whom do you think will be the next President?" asked our representative.

"I should say Theodore Roosevelt, the present Vice-President. He is a high-tariff man, a friend of the workingman and a protectionist. I think free trade would be the greatest curse that ever befell American mechanics and tradesmen. It would be most detrimental to American industries."

"I see you're not a Democrat and I suppose you don't agree with Bryan on the silver question?"

"I am a Republican, but I would be in favor of the free coinage of silver if it were made an international issue, but I don't see why America should regulate the

price of silver for the rest of the world. If other powers accepted silver on the same basis as gold I would be a silver man myself."

"How is the Boer war viewed in America?"

"The American people, irrespective of party, are in full sympathy with the Boers."

"Then how is it that McKinley was elected?"

"Outside of his English proclivities he is a great statesman, and the prosperity of America demanded his election at the time. The election of Bryan would upset the present prosperity, whatever would be the ultimate issue."

"By the way, Mr. O'Brien, is it a fact that detectives have been following you from Cork all over the country, and that two Scotland Yard men are on your track?" asked our representative.

"I have not the slightest doubt that such is the case," replied Mr. O'Brien; "but by the time I leave Ireland they will know just as much about me then as now. I offer no apology for my presence on Irish soil to any human being. I am an American citizen, and that flag protects me. Whether my business here is of a private or public nature, that's my affair, and nobody else's. I am looking for neither trouble nor prosecutions. I am stopping here for a week or two at Vickery's Hotel, and anybody that wants me can find me."

"I believe you propose erecting a monument to your parents in Ardfield Graveyard?" said our representative.

"Yes," said Mr. O'Brien, "that is so; with an inscrip-

tion both in Irish and English. The plan is entrusted to the care of Mr. Charles Doran, of Queenstown——”

“Another worthy Irishman,” remarked our representative.

“Ah!” said Mr. O’Brien, “the truest of the true!”

Our reporter then thanked Mr. O’Brien and withdrew.—*Skibbereen Southern Star*, July, 27, 1901.

“ROCKY MOUNTAIN” O’BRIEN

Vigorously Resents Mr. Dooley’s Caricature of the Irish Race.

The attention of the *Observer* has been called by Mr. John J. Doran to the following letter signed by Patrick “Rocky Mountain” O’Brien, which has appeared in the *United Irishman*, of New York:

DEAR ROSSA: A great deal has been talked of lately about the stage Irishman and also about the caricaturing of our people by some of the unclean yellow sheets published in the different towns and cities all over the United States. But to my mind “Mr. Dooley,” alias Dunn, is the most contemptible lampooner of the Irish race, and the lowest scavenger cad in America. He is no doubt a very clever writer, but why does he select his own race in preference to other nationalities? His writings are copied by every anti-Irish and every anti-Catholic paper in the United States. And the front pages of every A. P. A. organ always quote what has passed between Dooley and Hennessy. Now, Rossa,

a few words from you will put this defamer of our people out of business, and I call on you to do it for the sake of your children and the good mother that bore them, as well as for the sake of very numerous readers. If you don't do it you will lose one subscriber to your paper, and that is the writer. I have sent copies of the following communication to Mr. John Finerty, of the *Chicago Citizen*, and to Mr. J. J. Roach, of the *Boston Pilot*:

"MR. J. J. ROACH, *Boston Pilot*.

"DEAR MR. ROACH: If you will not try to stop Dooley, alias Dunn, from making fun of our kith and kin you can stop sending me the *Pilot*. I care not what you may think of his writings or what effect they may have in ridicule of our people. I will accept no apology from you for him.

"Sincerely yours,

"PATRICK 'ROCKY MOUNTAIN' O'BRIEN."

I wrote John Finerty a similar letter, and you can also abide by what I have written these gentlemen. You cannot confer a greater favor on the tenants of the *United Irishman* estate than by giving Mr. Dooley to understand that he has gone far enough, and that in future he must select other nationalities and seek for greener fields and pastures new.

Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa does not call the word speak "spake," nor deal "dale," foremost "forninst," never "niver," or real "rale." Neither would Mrs. John Howard call easy "aisy," and I am sure Charley Doran would not call meat "mate." I have never yet heard

an Irishman or Irishwoman pronounce words as Mr. Dooley would make the public believe they do. David McCosker does not talk that way; neither does Maurice O'Connor; neither do the O'Sullivan brothers, of Lowell; neither does Attorney Cohoran, of New York; neither does Judge O'Neill Ryan, of St. Louis; neither does William McCrystal; neither does Father Tierney, of San Francisco; neither does Father Lynch, of California, nor his brother, Luke Lynch, of Brooklyn; neither does Mr. Wycherley, of the Skibbereen *Eagle*; neither does Jack O'Shea, T. C., Skibbereen; neither does Tim Sheehy; neither does James Gilhooly, M.P., Bantry; neither does Billy Crossin, of the Irish American Club, Philadelphia; neither does Pat O'Neill; neither does Dr. McCahy. Even though England did her best to keep the Irish people in ignorance as well as in subjection, she has never yet succeeded with that part of the programme; for if an Irishman has a half chance he is sure to demonstrate his ability both in this country and the old one. Take Richelieu Robinson, of Brooklyn; he was in Congress for several years; saw you at his funeral; he is only one Irishman out of a million who are possessed of all the necessary qualifications to fill any office in the land. Mr. McAdoo, now Police Commissioner of your great city, is an Irishman; he would not call meal "male"; neither does Williams, nor others; Patrick Collins, Mayor of Boston, would not call whisper "fisper." Ireland has furnished the pulpit, the bench and the bar with as brilliant material as has any nation in the world, and yet Mr. Dooley makes fun of Archbishop Farley's ancestors, and also of Recorder

Goff's, and Judge Fitzgerald's, and of Judge O'Ryan's, of St. Louis, as well as of yours and mine. This must be stopped, and stopped immediately, and you are the very man to stop it. You can do it by publishing this letter and sending the following people copies to distribute among their friends: David McCosker, 20 Walker street, New York; O'Sullivan Brothers, rubber heels, Lowell Mass., 500 each; Maurice O'Connor, 500 copies; William McCrystal, 500; Capt. Peter Kelly, Chicago, police, 500 copies; Luke Lynch, Brooklyn, 500; James Cusick, Brooklyn, N. Y., 500; also 500 to James Doyle, of Baltimore; John O'Sullivan, R. M., Aurora, Neb., 500 copies; Mrs. John Howard, 500. None of these persons mentioned will refuse taking 500 copies, and as money talks this will put Dooley out of business on general principles.—*Pittsburg Observer*.



"ROCKY MOUNTAIN" O'BRIEN.

**A Fenian, He Was with the Raiders Into Canada and
Single-Handed Captured Pigeon Hill—He Has
Performed Many Daring Feats and Has
Been a Soldier in Many Climes.**

Among Boston's recent distinguished visitors was a man whose name is as remarkable as his personality and who is widely known in Ireland and to many Irishmen of this country. He is Mr. "Rocky Mountain" O'Brien, and is a hero of the celebrated Fenian uprising of 1870.

He is perhaps most generally known for the audacious feat of capturing a Canadian village single-handed in those stirring times—it was the only town that fell to either side, and O'Brien, accompanied by one companion, rode into the hamlet of Pigeon Hill one morning in May thirty years ago and demanded the surrender of the town in the name of the Fenian brotherhood and in the cause of justice. They told the officers of the village that they had an army of 20,000 ready to march over the hill and destroy the settlement if it were not immediately turned over to them, including supplies, ammunition and arms, and confidentially advised them to do it.

The town was surrendered, and, after holding it for several hours as a spoil of war O'Brien and his companion went forth to get their army, and discovered that their cause was lost, their leader captured and they were forced to fly in haste for their safety. The

town is still standing near the New York line and is nominally waiting for the two daring Fenians to return and claim it according to the articles of war, for it has not been recaptured or formally given over by them.

"Rocky Mountain" O'Brien has performed many daring feats in his career of adventure round the globe, but none of them can compare with his capture of Pigeon Hill, and he says that he is not done revolutionizing yet. He is a sworn enemy of the British flag, he says, and can never forgive England's oppression of his mother country.

At present he is a prominent citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y., when he is at home. He is just now returning from an extended tour in Europe, and has spent many months in Ireland and England.

"Rocky Mountain" O'Brien was born near Bantry Bay forty-nine years ago, and spent his youth near his native place and saw many acts of injustice done to his people, and while a very young man made up his mind to strike back for the wrong done. His determination got the better of him one day and resulted in an action that compelled him to flee from the country.

One morning he saw a bailiff and a policeman seize the only cow belonging to a poor old man living near him. The man had a family of seven to support and the cow was their main prop. Young O'Brien was so incensed that he raised an alarm among the neighbors and headed a band which rescued the cow and soundly belabored the officers of the Crown.

They recognized him and would have imprisoned him, but to avoid prosecution he fled the country, taking refuge on board a vessel bound for Rio Janeiro. Then his adventures began; he has had ups and downs all his life from the very start, but has been very fortunate. From Rio Janeiro he gradually worked his way across the Isthmus and up into the United States.

He settled in the mining camps of the West, and there lost the name of Patrick, with which he had been christened, and acquired in its stead "Rocky Mountain," which has stuck to him ever since and is now the only title by which he is known. It was while he was in the West that word came of the intended uprising against England and the plan to strike the blow by entering Canada. He came East at once and offered his services in any capacity in which they would be accepted.

He was sent to Malone, N. Y., and there met Mosby, a nephew and copartner of the famous Confederate raider, and with him took charge of the formation of a band of men who were to be assembled near the border, at a place called Richardson's farm. O'Brien and Mosby got their men there, about 500 in number, all armed and ready to advance upon the arrival of the proper authorities, and the commander, Capt. O'Neill, the army officer who was in charge of the affair.

The subsequent happenings are now a part of history. O'Neill waited in vain for the 2,000 who were coming from Boston, and finally decided to push on, while O'Brien and Capt. Dennis Short advanced on

Pigeon Hill and captured that town for the Fenians single-handed, about the only piece of good luck that befell the small band of raiders.

Speaking of the affair, O'Brien says that there were many hitches and that the lack of forces and the failure of co-operation on the part of the troops from Boston ruined the cause.

"We might have pushed forward and dealt a decisive blow," said he, "but for the lack of enthusiasm in many quarters. We had 20,000 of arms along the border, which had been shipped up there as glass, and were in readiness to be distributed to a very powerful force. The redcoats were waiting for us, and when the men advanced from Richardson's farm we were surprised by a regiment, and in the few hours of hot fighting that followed lost several men and were forced to retreat.

"Then the United States authorities swept down on us and gathered in O'Neill and one or two others. I remember we were all standing in the road, when we were startled by a shout to clear the way, and a team of four horses and a coach dashed by us. I recognized O'Neill sitting inside with two United States officers. Some of the men were tempted to kill the horses and rescue the leader, but cooler heads prevailed, and although one or two shots were fired after the fleeing coach, no damage was done. When O'Neill had been taken away we were without a leader until Boyle O'Reilly was prevailed upon to take charge."—*Boston Globe*, December 22, 1902.

IRELAND AND ITS POSSIBILITIES.

Lecture by Mr. Patrick "Rocky Mountain" O'Brien in Skibbereen.

Last week Mr. Patrick O'Brien lectured in the Town Hall, Skibbereen, on "Ireland and Her Possibilities." Mr. John Murphy, C. U. C., presided, and there was a very large attendance, including Messrs. F. McCarthy, N. C. C.; T. Sheehy, U. C.; John Shea, Town Clerk, and several others. Mr. O'Brien, who was enthusiastically received, said in part:

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—This is the first time I have had the distinguished honor of addressing an audience composed entirely of Irishmen and Irishwomen. I will attempt to convey to you an idea of the Irish race in America as I found them during the period of my sojourn there. I left your land (and mine) thirty years ago and sought, beneath the glorious Starry Banner of the American Republic that freedom denied me in my own country. [Cheers.] What I will say to you tonight about the Irish race in that country is not romance, remember, but facts that have come under my own observation, and bear in mind, ladies and gentlemen, I do not pretend to be an orator; on the contrary, I am but a poor excuse for one. You will, therefore, be kind enough to grant me your indulgence for a short time, and whenever you get tired of me, say so, and I shall stop.

"In the year 1847, a few years before I was born, the tide of emigration from Ireland commenced to flow,

caused by a so-called famine that year. Of course, many of our people left for America; years before our people also departed for America and distinguished themselves in the Revolutionary War, fighting side by side with the illustrious Washington, who was, as you know, of English extraction; but the greatest exodus was during the years '47, '49, '50 and thence up to 1879. Now, about the famine of '47. I maintain there never was a real famine in Ireland. It was an artificial famine, caused by the hirelings of hell and the gluttonous law dispensers, who were so detrimental to our country. As you are aware, the population of Ireland before the so-called famine was 9,000,000. To-day she has about one-half that number. Now, then, if Ireland could support 9,000,000 people previous to that artificial famine (which was artificial in every sense of the word), and ship more than half the products of her soil to England, how in the name of God can any person face an intelligent audience and say there was or is famine in Ireland? While our people were dying by the roadside from starvation in those years of which I speak, steamers were leaving the 'Cove of Cork' laden with beef and mutton for the people who passed coercion laws for Ireland. The very milk was scarcely cold from the cow when it was shipped to England in refrigerators; the eggs barely laid before they found their way to English markets, and during all this time our people were dying of hunger in the north of Ireland, and in the County Donegal people were compelled to eat foals. During this period our people were buried in coffinless graves with more food leaving Ireland than was necessary to supply their wants. It is

too well known how our race has been persecuted since the reign of Strongbow and the invasion of Oliver Cromwell. Everything has been taken from us except our good name and the virtue of our women. In telling you about the Irish race in America, there is one class of people I wish to call your attention to in particular—it is that of the Irish girls, or, if you choose to call them so, domestics. Well, my friends, I would impress upon the mind of every Irish mother in this audience to-night who has a daughter in America, that that daughter is a girl to be proud of, for under the canopy of Heaven to-day, in any country or clime, a purer, more honest or more noble soul does not exist, and the enemies of our race admit that the brightest gem, the most sacred and precious jewel an Irish girl possesses, is her virtue; and I proclaim it here to-night, as I would proclaim it before the Throne of God, that the fairest, gentlest and best of women I have ever met are Irishwomen! You may well be proud of your daughters, Irishwomen, for I have found them to be like the wife of Julius Cæsar—above reproach. When an Irish girl leaves home and bids a last farewell to her tender-hearted father and loving mother, her heart is breaking, for she is leaving the scenes of her once happy childhood to wander in a strange land and is destined probably never more to see those beloved parents, but she carries with her her fond mother's advice, 'Attend to your religious duties; go to your church on Sunday, no matter what denomination you belong to, and keep away from bad company.' These words are ringing in her ears from the moment she sets foot on board the steamer that is to

bear her away, and the further from home she goes the more determined she is to abide by the advice of her fond mother and loving father, and she becomes possessed of a greater will power than ever before and is fully determined never to bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of a broken-hearted father and daily-weeping mother. When she takes a last glimpse of the land where first she saw the light she makes up her mind to be true to her fatherland, come what will. I have met Irish girls in every sphere of life during the many years I spent in the United States, in the Republic of Mexico, the Dominion of Canada and in the republics and principalities in South America, and always felt proud of them, no matter what their creed. I have known Protestant Irish girls to assume the duties of their Catholic comrades when they went to their places of worship, and I have known Catholic girls to do the same for their Protestant comrades. I will relate an incident that occurred some ten years ago in the great State of Texas. I was stopping at the Hotel Vendome in El Paso and had a room on the second floor. It was about two o'clock in the morning, when I was about to retire, that one of the colored porters asked the time, and I told him. 'My God!' said he, 'it is too late and too early.'

"What is the matter?" said I.

"Nothing, boss, only one of the chambermaids is dying, and I'm afraid that the two girls who went for the priest cannot get him to come at this hour.'

"What is her name?" I asked.

"Mary O'Donnell, boss," said he.

"I knew from her name what her nationality was, and

became interested. Just at that moment a Catholic clergyman appeared on the scene with the two girls who went for him, both Protestants, both born in Ireland. The girl recovered in a few days and was at her work about the hotel before I left. I hope she is still living and I hope that the two Protestants are enjoying all the happiness of this world, and I hope a place awaits them in Heaven. [Cheers.]

"I could relate several other incidents similar to this, but it would take too long. The Irish race, as you are all aware, are scattered about like birds of the air. You find them in every walk of life: in the army and navy, on the bench and in the pulpit. I am now speaking of the Irish race in other lands. The Republic of Chili was founded by an Irishman named O'Higgins. Peru was founded by Lynch, also an Irishman. The present President of the United States boasts of Irish descent. The Irish settled in America when it was composed of settlements, and one of the early governors of the colony of New York was a man born in Limerick, Thomas Dongan, the Governor who gave New York City its first charter. The majority of the men who fought side by side with Washington were Irish or of Irish descent. [Loud applause.] General O'Sullivan, of Beare, was aid-de-camp to Washington, and he was an Irishman's son; so was Fitzgerald. Jeremiah O'Brien (who captured an English man-of-war) and his seven sons were born in Skibbereen. [Cheers.] He fought the first sea battle for American freedom. Jack Barry, a native of Wexford, was a Commodore of the American Navy. When George III.'s embassy offered him a bribe his

answer was simply this: 'I am a poor man, but go back and tell your master that England is not rich enough to buy me.' [Applause.] I saw the grave in St. Mary's Cemetery, in Philadelphia, where Jack Barry is buried. I also saw the grave, in Machiasport, Me., where Jeremiah O'Brien is buried.

"Now, I must try to tell you something about the Irish of the present in America. A great many people have false ideas about America and think that it is only necessary to go to New York and 'all will be fair sailing.' But such, my dear friends, is not the case. America is as hard a country for a person without friends or money as there is in the world. I have seen our people on more occasions than one without the price of a cup of coffee (no fault of theirs), but whose proud spirit would not allow them to make their wants known. I have known men to land in New York and walk the streets for weeks and to sleep in some one of the city parks for want of a better place to lay their heads. What must be the man's thoughts when suffering this way in a country with full and plenty all around him? I know a man who to-day is one of the leading manufacturers in New York City and who has visited Skibbereen on commercial business, who had a similar experience. He landed in New York and looked for work until his money was all gone, and before he would tell any person his predicament he slept in one of the public parks two nights (I have this from his own lips). To-day, thank God! he is worth half a million dollars, and there is not a man in New York who deserves it more [Hear! Hear!], for he is a man and an Irishman.

"Remember, we have two classes in America: the *good* and the *bad*—he belongs to the former.

"There is a class of Irishmen who land in America with no more money than the law demands, and your humble servant was one of them. Some of the men, when they become rich, forget that they were ever poor, and whenever they are asked to contribute anything for poor old Ireland they ask in what paper will it be published. These are few, thank God! and the other class outnumber them enough to balance the scales in our favor. The man who goes to America and earns a decent living, and never forgets the old folks at home, and as years roll by accumulates wealth, is always an Irishman and is ready at all times to help a countryman and to contribute to anything beneficial to his country. As for the Irish girl, I need say nothing more, for I have already said her generosity is known both in America and Ireland. She always sends the best part of her wages to her fond parents at home and is never backward in contributing to every good cause.

"There is a six million dollar cathedral in New York City, built from the wages of Irish boys and girls in New York. [Loud cheers.] So were the convents and hospitals and orphan homes. It is true some of the wealthy Irishmen in America contributed, but before the millionaires loomed up in the shadowy distance the Irish servant girls gave money out of hard-earned wages, and may God reward them for it—if not in this world, in the next. [Hear! Hear!]

"There is a great deal, my friends, in the rearing of children by their parents in America, but I am proud to be able to state here to-night that in nine out of every ten cases all the Irish mothers I met in the United

States reared their children in the old school and gave them to understand they were sons and daughters of the Sod. [Applause.]

"I was traveling late one night on horseback in the Republic of Mexico when there were no carriage roads where I was. It was a beautiful night in the month of August and the moon was shining brightly. I was alone, and let me tell you Mexico at night is not a very enviable place. I was on my way to a mining camp, some twenty miles distant, and not a human being was in sight. Suddenly I heard a voice in Spanish and two men on horseback quickly approached me and said: 'Comos tha mus?' meaning 'How do you do?' I knew just about enough Spanish to answer: 'Beau gracio, senor'—'Well, thank you.' I was little inclined to stop and talk to them, lest they might enter into a Spanish conversation, of which language I knew but little. I kept my finger on the trigger of my revolver, determined to be ready if there were to be any shooting done. [Cheers.] After they left me they stopped to water their horses. I also stopped, but was out of sight. Both wore heavy black beards. Soon one of them said: 'Where is that fellow going?' The other answered: 'I expect he is going to Wallace's mine, that damned Yankee thieving company. I bet they will dupe him, too, if he is not a member of the concern.'

" 'Perhaps he is the paymaster,' said the other. Then the other man commenced to sing the following song:

" 'And although we are exiled children, no matter where
we go,
We won't give up the old land without another blow.'

I rode back to where they were watering their horses, and, introducing myself, found them to be not Spanish, for one was a genuine 18-karat Tipperary man and the other a Devonshire Englishman, copartners in a large cattle ranch forty miles distant in the interior of Mexico. I remained at their place one week, and while I was their guest they sang that same song more than once. I afterward met them in the City of Mexico. There was a great bull-fight in the city, and they asked me to accompany them to the arena, but I said I did not care to see such a brutal show, but they finally prevailed upon me.

"I must tell you that it is not two bulls ~~that~~ fight, but a man and bull and sometimes a bull and a woman. On this occasion the fighter was a man, and he killed two bulls. He spoke nothing but Spanish all the time. I bought his photograph. On the placards his name was Barnado Garvano, but after the fight was over my two friends introduced the celebrated bull-fighter to me as Barney Gavin, a native of Westport, County Mayo, Ireland. [Laughter and cheers.] He was in the City of Mexico and spoke Spanish fluently. Such is the history of an Irishman. He spoke Irish to us in the hotel afterward. [Applause.] I was down on Long Island, some ninety miles from New York City, about sixteen years ago, spending a few weeks with my poor wife and two children, when I was suddenly called to New York on business. As I could get no train until late in the evening I went to a livery stable and hired a horse and buggy to drive to the next railroad station, twelve miles distant. The proprietor of

the stable sent a boy about ten years old to bring back the horse and buggy. I asked the lad if he could drive, and he said yes, but the horse being rather lively at the time I took the reins from him. I saw by his face that he did not like the idea of the reins being taken from him, but I apologized to him by saying he was too young to handle such a blooded animal.

"About four miles outside the town we happened to pass a cemetery. I saw the lad looking at a newly-made grave with tears in his eyes. 'Mister,' said he to me, 'would you please allow me to visit my poor mother's grave? That is, if you think you have sufficient time; if not I will not go.' I told him to go, no matter what time it would be. He went, and I saw him kneeling on his mother's grave. I must confess I wept! When he returned I asked him his name. He replied, Patrick O'Flaherty. He said his father was born in Cork and his mother in England. I shall never forget the way he spoke of his dead mother. He told me he never missed a Sunday without visiting her grave, and I impressed upon his youthful mind the necessity of so doing, and told him to continue in that way. When I returned from New York I related the circumstance to my wife, and she said that the boy would prosper for remembering his mother. How true was her prophecy! To-day that boy is Mayor of a town in Long Island, and he is happily married. He never visits New York without calling on me. He always refers to the incident of sixteen years ago. He told me a few years since that he had erected one of the finest

monuments in the cemetery over the grave where he wept sixteen years before. [Cheers.]

"No man who ever went back on his parents was any better for it, and I am sorry to say I have known Irishmen in America to do so, but thank God! they are few.

"A great many people, unfortunately for themselves, remain in the large manufacturing cities of Philadelphia, Boston and New York, instead of going farther west to the prairies. But a number of our people land with no more money than the law commands, hence they must live where they land. I have found Irish people in agricultural pursuits in the far West, especially California, very prosperous. It is true a great many of our people have prospered in our large Eastern cities, but the further away from the East the Irishman goes the better are his chances for success.

"The years I have spent in America have not taught me to forget the persecutors of my race; they have taught me to hate them. And as years roll on that hate increases more and more, and is stronger than when I left Ireland to seek a livelihood under that flag which is the emblem of freedom—the Star Spangled Banner." [Loud and continuous cheering.]—*Skibbereen Eagle*, August, 1901.

THE UNITED IRISH LEAGUE PUBLIC MEETING AT DROMORE.

The Rev. Father Burts was called to the chair, and among those present were Messrs. Patrick "Rocky Mountain" O'Brien, F. McCarthy, J. T. O'Hea, P. Nugent and others.

Mr. O'Brien, who was received with great cheering, said he had great pleasure in coming there that day to say a few words to the people of Dromore, because in the little schoolhouse yonder he was taught his A, B, C's. That same schoolhouse turned out many distinguished men who were in America to-day, among them he might mention Frank O'Neill, Chief of Police in Chicago, who in that little schoolhouse learned his A, B, C's side by side with himself. [Hear! Hear!] He holds one of the loftiest positions that Irishmen in America might claim. He need not tell them that he is well able to fill that position, and that burglars and desperados have a "holy horror" of Frank O'Neill, of Tralybawn. [Cheers.] In this little schoolhouse was also taught a gentleman, Mr. O'Driscoll, of Aughaville, who is now dead, and who was one of San Francisco's leading merchants. Speaking on the land question, he said that his opinion was that God Almighty made the world not for a few, but the whole human race. He did not create it for robber landlords. He never meant that 100 acres be given to one man, 500 to another, 100,000 to another and none to some. [Hear! Hear!] His opinion was that until they abol-

ished landlordism they would have no prosperity in the country. [Hear! Hear!] They could only do that by uniting together, joining the national organization and, standing on a united platform, try to wring concessions from the landlords, and if this failed they should take up arms, if necessary, and assert their rights in the land that bore them. [Cheers.] For the last seven hundred years England had been robbing and persecuting their country; she had held Ireland in an iron grip; in the streets of Clonakilty the Saxon mercenaries held up little children on their bayonets. The landlords of to-day were the descendants of these hirelings. They were the absentee landlords, who were ruling Ireland [Shame!] and of the hard-earned money that was sent by the industrious Irish boys and girls in America £9 out of every £10 found its way to the pockets of these robber landlords, who spent it in the gambling hells of Europe.

Now his advice to the people was to live on the product of the land themselves, and if there were anything over to give it to the landlords. If he had his say they would get nothing; but at all events let them come last. [Hear! Hear!]

A Voice—What claim have they to it?

Mr. O'Brien—None; absolutely none. I say that the landlords are the biggest scoundrels and the biggest highwaymen in the world to-day. [Hear! Hear!] He left that parish himself owing to the action of robber landlords. His heart was with them to-day in Dro-more, and his advice from the platform was to give the landlords only what was left. [Hear! Hear!] Give

them nothing, even. If they acted unitedly and showed that they were doing the work they would have the sympathy and assistance of the Irish race in America. [Cheers.] There was no other nationality as grand and noble as the Irish race in America. They in Dromore and in every other portion of Ireland had reason to be proud of their boys and girls in America [Cheers] for they never forgot that they had a character and purity to sustain.

Yes, they had always before their minds the last parting requests of their aged parents when taking their final farewell of the land which in all probability they were destined never more to see. They could see the Irish girls up at 4 o'clock in the morning scrubbing the floor of a hotel, afterward going to Mass and then sitting down to send their earnings to their parents at home. He (Mr. O'Brien) went to America not because he had a row with the family coachman—there was no coachman in the family. [Laughter.] He did not go there looking for poverty; it was staring him in the face at home. Every spot and every plot in the country was dearer to him than those of any other land [Cheers], but he was forced to leave owing to the greed and injustice of landlordism. There was a great deal of emigration from Ireland in the last fifty years, and he advised the young boys and girls to remain in Ireland in order to leave some at home who would yet release Ireland from the grasp of her tyrants and exterminate them. [Cheers Cheers.] If an opportunity to right their country were granted it was their duty to avail themselves of it. Obedience was a sol-

dier's first duty. They should obey in both the church and the army; if not they would go to pieces. [Hear! Hear!] They should work with courage and determination if they were refused their rights, and if another artificial famine arose they must do what Tommy Downshires did—took the provisions from the ships and his brother Ulster Orangemen and warned them not to pay more than tenpence on the pound. [Applause.] If there had been more Tommy Downshires in the South of Ireland in the famine period there would not have been so many coffinless graves in Skibbereen and Bantry, for the food which went to feed the hirelings who passed coercion laws against Ireland would have fed the people of the South. He advised them to join an organization beneficial to their country and be ready at all times to strike a blow for freedom. [Applause.]—*Skibbereen Eagle*, August, 1901.



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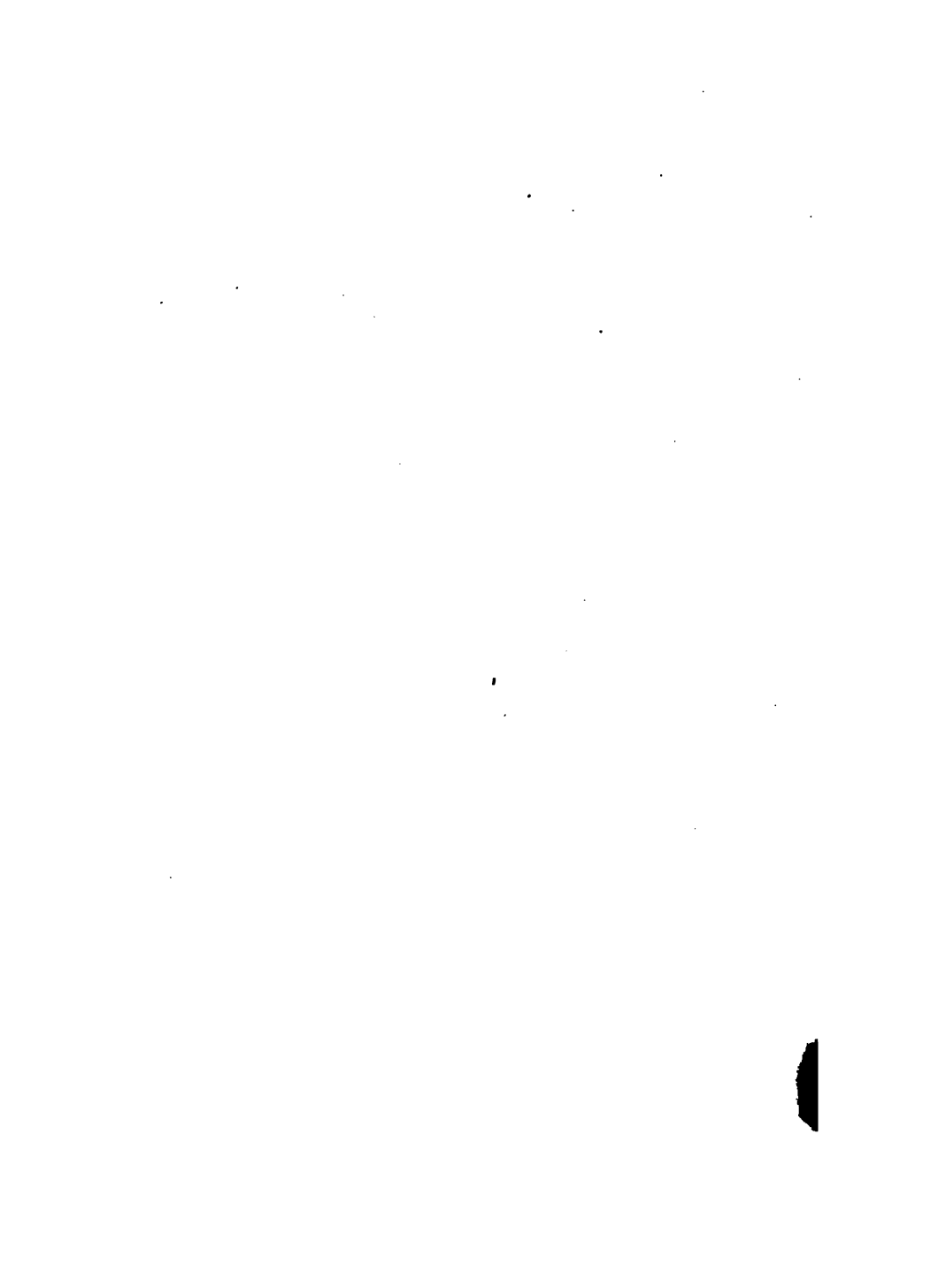
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